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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Telling the World

THE month of Commencement addresses being happily over the newspapers can again return to brevity and plain fact. For weeks there has been a rotund booming of moral platitudes and educational axiom, with only now and then the sharper crack of a projectile that reached its mark. It has been like the old dream of Sunday every day. The deep-lunged faculty of the college of those who know have been telling the world—which is the reason that their booming sounds so hollow. The obviousness of an anecdote must be increased in proportion to the size of the audience, and so it is with all oratory. Speak to the world, as a Commencement orator, ushering youth into worldly experience, must do, and inevitably the size of the imagined audience reacts upon the speaker. He omits qualification and sweeps into generalization, he speaks to the ready acceptance of applause, and, giddy with his momentary eminence, tries to end the moral war with a single shot. But June is over, and only the radio keeps on telling the world how to do everything, and do it right.

The difficulty, as has been suggested, is not so much with men's minds as with the size of the audience. This country is too big; all successful countries today are too big. Speaking and writing have become a kind of broadcast to unknown quantities. Even selected bodies, like the Harvard alumni, the D. A. R., or the American Legion, are inevitably cross sections of an unwieldy and inchoate mass.

* * *

If the windiness of speaking, and the essential flatulence of fiction written for the million, and the soapiness (to slide around many minds) of article writing in the great weeklies, and the heavily generalized personalities of the Confessions and the Tabloids, and all the other unpleasant indications of a new *panem et circenses*, are to be effectively reduced we shall have to reindividualize ourselves like the unicellular animals which split when they get too large for comfort. If our States had the individuality they were meant to have, or our towns what they once had, or there were any kind of organic and stable social unit which might remind the speaker as he spoke that he was dealing with life as applied to ideas and not merely ideas to be tried upon life, some improvement might be hoped for. It is to be doubted whether many platitudes were talked, and listened to, on the eve of a Guelph-Ghibbeline row in old Florence.

But of course now that the radio has come to stay, little can be done for the orator. He is damned from here to eternity by the little metal circle which, like an opium pipe, sets him dreaming of a national hook-up, all attentive, all waiting to be told what to do about everything. The microphone is a great unifying influence in life today for it makes all men talk alike.

There is more hope for the writers. If they have nerve and intelligence, they can still choose their audience. They must choose it. Half the objectionable traits of strictly modern literature come from one of two causes: either the writer knows that he cannot appeal to the great sprawling world of careless readers, and so writes (particularly the poet) for a tiny and specified group which knows his mind and can annotate his unintelligibilities; or he baits his book with something for everyone he can think of—some naturalism for the red-beef readers, some spicy sex for the sexualists, some fine writing for the connoisseurs, some novelties of fact for the journalists, and a pepper-and-salt-shake of old-fashioned sentiment for the many who still buy books that make them feel that way.

A writer, and especially a novelist, a dramatist, or an essayist, in times like these when society is very complex and intellect and taste by no means fused, or morale and intelligence, or decent living and good thinking—a writer should be particularly careful to see in imagination the audience for which he writes, as clearly as did those who wrote for the little Greek states. It is not impossible, it is not even difficult, since there are strains of likemindedness that run through all modern societies, no matter how large. It may be impossible to address a New York city block save in terms of the broadest common needs, and therefore in platitudes, but it is perfectly possible to see in the mind's eye an assemblage of critical yet understanding readers who will constitute an audience and a concrete one, although some may live in Seattle and some in Edinburgh. The politically powerful are those who know how to manipulate minorities; the powerful in modern literature will be those who can distinguish and write for them.

Ashes

By SARA TEASDALE

LAID in a quiet corner of the world
There will be left no more of me some night
Than the lone bat could carry in his flight
Over the meadows when the moon is furled;
I shall be then so little and so lost
Only the many-fingered rain will find me,
And I have taken thought to leave behind me
Nothing to feel the long on-coming frost.

Now without sorrow and without elation
I can lay down my body, nor deplore
How little, with her insufficient ration,
Life has to feed us—but these hands, must they
Go in the same blank, ignominious way
And fold upon themselves, at last, no more?

This Week

"Mother India's Little Daughters."
Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS.

"James Fenimore Cooper."
Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER.

"Living Philosophers."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

The Schooling of Richard Orr.
By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

"James Joyce's 'Ulysses.'"
Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM.

"Dreams and Personality."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"Kachalola, or Mighty Hunter."
Reviewed by BEVERLEY BENSON.

"Thomas G. Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia."
Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT.

"Cope: Master Naturalist."
Reviewed by EDWARD W. BERRY.

Next Week, or Later

The Inspiration of Modern Biography.
By GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

The Art of Chaucer*

By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

ONE of the glories of English poetry has been the interpenetration in it of personal experience—call it for brevity life, if you will—and of books. Through the one, poetry acquires its stamp of individuality; through the other it is dipped in the quickening stream of tradition which has flowed through the work of all the poets from Homer and pre-Homeric days until now. The continuity of poetry, through its participation in that deep and perpetually broadening current, is a fact perhaps more important than the newness of the channels through which from time to time it flows. The greatest poetry is, indeed, steeped in the poet's own experience and colored by the life of his times. But it also participates in a succession almost apostolic, in which there is an authentic if incorporeal laying on of hands:

> Go, litel book . . .
> . . . no making thou n'envye,
> But subgit be to all poesye;
> And kis the steppes, wher-as thou seest pace
> Virgile, Ovyde, Omer, Lucan, and Stace.

That is from the close of a masterpiece which is at once sheer Chaucer and an embodiment of the tradition of the elders from Homer through the Middle Ages to a contemporary fellow-poet, Boccaccio; and I suspect that no one in the long and splendid line of English poets more strikingly exemplifies than Geoffrey Chaucer the characteristic interplay, in great verse, of life and books. For he was, on the one hand, a widely experienced, busy, and versatile man of affairs, and he was also one of the most omniverous readers in that company of glorious literary cormorants who have enriched English letters. Had he been either without the other—had there been lacking either the immediate and manifold contacts with life, or the zest of a *helluo librorum*—he would doubtless still have been a poet. But in that case not one of the poems by which he is known could even remotely have been what it is.

The range of Chaucer's reading is as extraordinary as the scope of his activities. He read in three languages besides English—French, Latin, and Italian. French he probably both knew and spoke from his childhood. Latin with little doubt he learned at school. It has hitherto been assumed that he picked up Italian in Italy, during his first visit in 1372-73. It is possible, though not yet proven, that he may have known it earlier. But in either case, the bulk of his known reading, until the great Italians swam into his ken, was French, with a good deal of Latin besides. And French he never abandoned, and Latin he read copiously to the end. . . .

And since he began with books (with which, to be sure, he never ended) it is much to the point to consider how he read. Did he have the books which he mentions or quotes from, in his own possession, and therefore ready at hand for pleasure or need? Without question a large, perhaps a very large proportion of them, were his own. He declared, fairly late in his life—or rather, the God of Love asserted for him—that he had in his chest "sixty bokes, olde and newe," and there is no reason to doubt the statement. But that number may easily have represented three or four times sixty "books," in the sense in which we use the word. For book, as Chaucer employs the term, must be thought of in the light of medieval manuscripts, and a single manuscript was

* This article is abstracted from the address delivered last year as the Sir Israel Gollancz Memorial Lecture at Oxford. The complete lecture will be published in the Fall in pamphlet form by the Oxford University Press.

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often a small library in itself. The "boke" which Chaucer was reading when he fell asleep over the tale of Ceyx and Alcyone was an *omnium gatherum* of verse, and lives of queens and kings, and "many othere thinges smale." The "book" (and again the word is the same) which the Wife of Bath's fifth husband revelled in contained, she declared, Valerius *ad Rufinum*, Theophrastus, Jerome against Jovinian, Tertullian, the mysterious Crisippus, Trotula, the Epistles of Eloise, the Parables of Solomon, and the "Ars Amatoria"—"And alle thise were bounden in o volume." And one need only recall, among extant examples, the Auchinleck MS, with its more than forty separate pieces, or, for that matter, Harley 7333 among the manuscripts of the Canterbury Tales. Chaucer's library was a rich one for his day, and like his own clerk of Oxford who had "at his beddes heed" his "Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed," and like that clerk of another kidney, "hende Nicholas," who likewise kept in his lodgings "his Almageste, and bokes grete and smale. . . . On shelves couched at his beddes heed," one may be fairly sure that Chaucer's sixty books were not far from his hand.

But is there any way of knowing, aside from these more or less material considerations, how he actually read? There are two subjects, and two only, on which Chaucer vouchsafes us personal information about himself—his love of books, and his imperviousness, real or assumed, to love. On those two topics he is, in William Wordsworth's phrase but with a difference, "right voluble." And two passages are especially in point. In one, that preternaturally intelligent bird, the Eagle of the House of Fame, gently chides him for his habits. He knows nothing now, says the Eagle, of what is going on about him; even "of thy verray neyghebores That dwellen almost at thy dores, Thou herest neither that ne this." And then follows, under cover of the Eagle's irresponsible loquacity, the most precious autobiographical touch that Chaucer left:

> For whan thy labour doon al is,
> And hast y-maad thy rekeninges,
> In stede of reste and newe thinges,
> Thou gost hoom to thy hous anoon;
> ɔ domb as any stoon,
> ·test at another boke,
> ɾ daswed is thy loke,
> ·st thus as an hermyte,
> Although thyn abstinence is lyte.

That picture—the account books of the customs exchanged after hours for vastly different books (the Eagle's "another" is pregnant), and Chaucer reading on, oblivious of all else, until his eyes dazzle in his head—that picture tells more than pages, not merely of the intimate relation in which his books stood to his business, but also of the absorbed intentness with which he read. And there is another passage which illuminates yet another quality of his reading. "Not yore ago," he writes in the Parlement of Foules,

> . . . hit happed me for to beholde
> Upon a boke, was write with lettres olde;
> And ther-upon, *a certeyn thing to lerne*,
> The longe day *ful faste I radde and yerne*.

I don't know which is the more characteristic of Chaucer—the fact that he was reading with the definite purpose of learning a certain thing, or the fact that he was reading fast and eagerly. The two belong together. You cannot divide his invincible zest from his incorrigibly inquiring spirit—that "besy gost" of his, as he called it once, "that thrusteth alwey news." And because he brought both to his books, his reading became a live and plastic thing for his art to seize on.

He was gifted, finally, with another quality of mind which is peculiarly bound up with his art. He possessed, in a word, like Virgil and Milton and Coleridge, a powerful associative memory, which played, as he read, over the multitude of impressions from previous reading, with which his mind was stored. And the zest with which he read gave freshness to his recollections, and one can sometimes almost see the hovering associations precipitate themselves as he reads. A single phrase in Boccaccio (and I am speaking by the book) calls up the lines of a famous passage in Dante in which the same phrase occurs, and the result is a *tertium quid* of his own, enriched from the spoils of both. He finds in Boccaccio's "Filostrato," as he works it over into his own Troilus, the lovely Virgilian simile of the lily cut by the plough and withering. But Dante, in a canto of the "Inferno," the opening lines of which Chaucer elsewhere quotes, has a simile of falling, withering leaves. And again, through a common element, Boccaccio's lines recall the lines of Dante, and the falling leaves replace the fading lily in Chaucer's simile. And Boccaccio and Dante in turn had each in like fashion recalled his simile from Virgil. It would be easy to rehearse such instances by the score—instances, too, in which with his reminiscences of books are interwoven his recollections of experience. For that continuity of poetry of which I spoke consists in the perpetual enrichment, through just such incremental transformations, of the present through the past. And one of the happiest gifts of the gods to English poetry, at the strategic moment of its history, was that prehensile, amalgamating memory of Chaucer's which had for its playground a prodigious array of promiscuous writings.

What now of his art in its larger relations? For everything that I have so far said has been said with that definitely in view. It is perilous, in the first place, to divide Chaucer's poetic biography mechanically into periods. There was nothing cataclysmic about his development. He was not a new creature, as Professor Kittredge once observed, when he came back to London from his first visit to Italy, nor does the poet of the Canterbury Tales startle us by a "leap of buds into ripe flowers." Rather—if I too may yield to an association—"Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve." Transitions there were, of course, but they were gradual. French poetry yielded first place to Italian, and both to an absorption in human life, in which books and men were fused as in a crucible. But even after his momentous discovery of Boccaccio and Dante, the influence of French poetry went on, though its character changed—changed (to put it briefly) from the mood of Guillaume de Lorris and Machaut to the mood of Jean de Meun and Deschamps and the *fabliaux*. And *pari passu*, as his powers developed, there came a significant shift of values, and his reading of books played a lesser and his reading of life a larger role in his art. But throughout his career, that art kept curiously even pace with his active life. It was dominantly French while he was in personal attendance on a court where French was still the more familiar language. His so-called Italian period, which was never Italian in the sense in which the earlier period had been French, coincided roughly with those activities—his missions and the customs—which brought him into various relations with Italy, Italians, and Italian letters. And when his broadening affairs afforded wider opportunities for observation, his art, keeping all that it had won from France and Italy, became at once English and universal.

Everybody knows that Chaucer began as a follower of the contemporary French school of poetry, and that the most powerful influence upon that school was the thirteenth-century "Roman de la Rose." But the "Roman de la Rose" was influential in two entirely different ways. Guillaume de Lorris, who began it, was a dreamer of dreams and a poet of exquisite grace and charm. Jean de Meun, who continued it and multiplied its length by five, was a caustic and disillusioned satirist, trenchant, arrogant, and absolute master of a mordant pen. If Pope had taken it into his head to complete the "Faerie Queen," or if Swift had been seized by the fancy of carrying on the "Vicar of Wakefield" in the mood of Gulliver's fierce misanthropy, we might have had an adequate parallel. And the fourteenth century French poets, as a consequence of this strange duplex authorship, fall roughly into two schools—the sons of Guillaume de Lorris and the sons of Jean de Meun. But common to them all, and giving the framework to half their verse, was the allegorical love vision.

Chaucer found in his French models, and especially in Guillaume de Marchaut, the framework of the vision, as that had come down, with growing elaboration on the way, from Guillaume de Lorris. And he used the machinery of the vision in the Book of the Duchess, the House of Fame, the Parliament of Fowls, and in the first version of the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women. It was the most popular and, in Machaut's expert hands, the most sophisticated device of his day, and Chaucer was then writing for a sophisticated audience. But the visions were allegorical love visions, and as such they were thick sown with artifices at which Chaucer balked. And the more thoroughly one is steeped in Chaucer, so that one sees in a measure with his eyes, the more readily one understands the impossibility of his acquiescence in the then current artificialities of the *genre*. The framework of the vision, to be sure, offered freedom in both choice and disposition of subject matter. But it was precisely in the character of the French subject matter, to judge from the cold shoulder which Chaucer turned to it, that one source of his disrelish lay. For it was obviously as barren of interest to Geoffrey Chaucer as interminable subtilizings about love—especially when nothing comes of them—have been and are to any normally constituted Anglo-Saxon. Nor was it subject matter alone which he found alien. The phraseology, too, was remote alike from his tastes and his aptitudes.

What he found, then, in the French vision poems, was a *frame*—a frame which possessed admirable potentialities, but which for him, to all intents and purposes, was empty. And Chaucer, who in his way was not unlike nature herself, abhorred a vacuum. He proceeded, accordingly, to fill the frame, and incidentally to set one of the great traditions of English poetry. And into the vision framework, instead of consecrated phrases, wire-drawn subtleties, *ragionamente d' amore*, and the more fantastic elements of the courtly code, he poured the stores of that reading and observation on which we have dwelt so long. "For out of olde feldes"—and this was his discovery, as "the longe day ful faste [he] radde and yerne"—

> For out of olde feldes, as man seith,
> Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere;
> And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
> Cometh al this newe science that men lere.

And into the old bottles Chaucer poured with lavish hand a new and heady wine. . . .

From Machaut and his French contemporaries Chaucer had taken over a form which for him was relatively empty of content. In Boccaccio and Dante he found for the first time among his moderns architectonic powers which in the case of Dante were supreme, and which Boccaccio in narrative exercised with a master's skill. Moreover, in Boccaccio, and superlatively in Dante, the greatness of the form was inseparable from the richness of the content, and that content was now no longer interminable lucubrations in a vacuum, but men and women, and their actions and their fates. And in the "Filostrato" he found a story richer in possibilities than any on which he had yet exercised his powers. Into none had so many strands been woven by earlier hands, from its far-off inception in the "Iliad," down through a provocative catalogue of names in Dares, to three of which Benoit, through one of those inscrutable promptings of genius which set in motion incalculable trains of consequence, had attached a story of faithless love. And then Boccaccio, through his own "Filocolo," poured into it the passion of his long, eventful intrigue with Maria d'Aquino. And as the inevitable consequence, his Criseida and Troilo and Pandaro *live*, as his Palamon and Arcita and Emilia never do. In the "Filostrato" Chaucer at last had flesh and blood to deal with.

What the "Filostrato" did, accordingly, was to awaken as nothing else yet had done, his own creative powers. For the Trolius is a magnificently independent reworking of Boccaccio's narrative, bearing to its original, indeed, a relation not unlike that in which "King Lear," for example, stands to the earlier play. For Chaucer had thought deeply through Boccaccio's story before he set pen to parchment for his own. . . . Boccaccio's Criseida is a fair and fickle woman, conventional alike in her beauty and her faithlessness; Chaucer's Criseyde, in her baffling and complex femininity remains unrivalled, save in Shakespeare and one or two of the great novelists. And by a change as simple as it is consummate in its art, Chaucer opened the way for another transformation—the metamorphosis of a conventional young man-about-town into a masterpiece of characterization which he equalled only, if I may hazard my own opinion, in the Wife of Bath. For Boccaccio's Pandaro was Criseida's cousin; Chaucer's Pandarus is her uncle. And through that simple-seeming shift, not only is the irony of the situation deepened and the tragedy enhanced, but Pandarus also becomes what a younger man could never have been—the vehicle of Chaucer's own humor and urbanity and worldly wisdom, and of his inimitable raciness of speech. Somewhere, among his courtly friends in England or in Italy or both, he had come, one feels, to know the type to which he gave immortal individuality. It is in the Troilus, too, that one also feels, again for the first time, that detachment which is also the distinctive note of the greater Canterbury Tales—that wise and urbane detachment with which Chaucer came in the end to view the human comedy. And often when Pandare speaks, one is curiously aware of something in the background—like Meredith's Comic Spirit with its "slim

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feasting smile"—which is playing the game with Pandare no less urbanely and ironically than he with Troilus and Criseyde. And those are but hints of what Chaucer's reading of life lent to his reading of Boccaccio.

Moreover, no sooner had he set out to write than his mind began to race beyond the text he was translating. In scores of stanzas, even in the first book, he will follow Boccaccio for three or four or five lines of his stanza, then go his own gait for the rest of it, as if his thought in its eagerness overleaped Boccaccio's. And often, before he returns to his text, he has carried on alone for three, four, or a score of stanzas. And when, in the great second and third books, he comes to the heart of the drama as he conceives it, he leaves Boccaccio almost wholly aside, and the great bulk of those two crucial books is Chaucer's own. And nowhere else, save in the plan of the Canterbury Tales, does he exercise such sovereign constructive powers. Life and his reading of the great Italians had made him master of his art.

And that mastery of an art which has for its end the portrayal of life is peculiarly manifest in his dialogue. . . . It would be hard to find even in the Canterbury Tales a more superb handling of dialogue than this, with its swift touch and go of actual talk, its subtle *nuances*, and its seeming impromptu which only a master's technique could achieve.

And in nothing that he ever wrote did his possession at once of the scholar's and the artist's gifts stand him in better stead than in his weaving into one the complex strands which underlay his story. And as he wrote, phrases and ideas, Boccaccio's or his own, kept calling up to his memory associated fragments of his reading, and the "Divine Comedy," and the "Convito," and the "Teseide," and a sonnet of Petrarch, and Ovid, Virgil, Statius and Boethius, and the "Roman de la Rose" and the "Roman d'Eneas" and even Machaut himself (to name no more) contribute to the sense which we have in the Troilus of a richness like God's plenty, which pervades the poem.

When Chaucer ended the Troilus, he was in possession of a mastered art. To the question which I asked in the beginning—What aside from genius made the poet of the greater Canterbury Tales?—I have attempted, within my limits of time and understanding, to give an answer. The supreme art of that crowning achievement had been learned through the independent exercise of his own powers upon given materials—upon form and content of conventional types or specific poems, which the accident of courtly connections or business in Italy had offered. And through the poet's gift of seeing the latent possibilities in everything he touched, and through the scholar's passion for facts, and through his own invincible eagerness of spirit which spared no pains, his masters and his models slipped steadily into the background, and on the threshold of the Canterbury Tales the theme towards which his face was turned was *life*—that life above all which through years of intimate contact with it he had learned to know; not French life nor Italian life, but English. And instead of any longer filling empty forms or reconstructing full ones, he drew straight from life a framework of his own—the one form in all the world to give free play to his disciplined and ripened powers, and room for all that wealth of reading and experience with which this tale began. And as if with one lingering look behind, he begins his masterpiece—I wish I knew whether he so meant it—with an exquisite *ave atque vale*:

> Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
> The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
> And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
> Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
> Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
> Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
> The tendre croppes . . .

and on through the lovely lines still redolent of their April freshness after five hundred years. That is the stock introduction—*sed quantum mutatus ab illo*—to a hundred love-vision poems! But instead of ushering in Plaisance and Esperance and Douce Pensée and their crew of fellow abstractions, it opens the door of the Tabard Inn to Harry Bailly and the Wife of Bath and the Miller and the Pardoner and their goodly fellowship. There could be no better symbol than those opening lines of the continuity, through steadily maturing powers, of Chaucer's art. And it is that continuity of evolution, up to the full flowering of his genius in the Canterbury Tales, that I have essayed to describe.

Memoirs of a Statesman

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW. Volume I, 1897-1903. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
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BISMARCK, who served the Hohenzollerns as minister for twenty-eight years, once remarked that the more he had to do with royalty, the more tempted he was to become a republican. Yet in his many struggles with William I he was dealing with an exemplary ruler and a thorough gentleman. It was William II who, while still a novice and a young man, precipitated the tragic conflict which led to the disastrous break in 1890. From that time until the World War the Emperor had four chancellors—Caprivi, a stern and obstinate soldier with whom he could not get along for any length of time; "Uncle" Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe, a wise man who craved the honor and was content to avoid difficulties without undertaking drastic remedies; Bülow, self-termed disciple of Bismarck, the suave diplomat and polished man of the world; and finally Bethmann, well-intentioned bureaucrat and

COMA
A TRANSPARENT DODGE.
Germany "Help! Help! I drown! Throw me the life-belt!"
Mr. Lloyd George } "Try standing up on your feet."
M. Briand
December 28, 1921.

Germany, as *Punch* saw its situation, some time after Von Bülow's retirement from office

faithful servant, but a man who lacked authority and the necessary will-power to assert himself.

The Iron Chancellor left a couple of volumes of masterful memoirs, full of political wisdom, shrewd distortions of history, and thunderous denunciations of his enemies, especially William II. Caprivi never wrote an apologia. In fact he had all his papers burned. Bethmann's recollections are straightforward but unimpressive. Bülow's case was peculiar. Having held the center of the stage for a decade, he fell into disgrace, reappeared once more in the arena in connection with the negotiations to keep Italy out of the war, and then went into complete retirement. After the catastrophe of 1918 he would see no one and would issue no statements. Now after his death, come his memoirs, in four huge volumes, of which this is only the first, covering his years as Foreign Minister and the first three years of his chancellorship.

When Bülow was summoned from the embassy at Rome to take charge of German foreign policy in 1897, his country was still on the crest of the wave. The central European fort was held by the Triple Alliance, and England, though she had already been estranged by the Kruger Telegram, was so deeply involved in Egypt, in South Africa, and in the Far East that she was still anxious for German support and friendship. But when Bülow laid down the chancellorship in 1909 the Franco-Russian Alliance, which had been of relatively little importance in the 1890's, had been reinforced by the Anglo-French and Anglo-Russian Ententes. Even the resounding Austro-German success in the Bosnian crisis was a Pyrrhic victory. The Germans themselves were haunted by the nightmare of "encirclement."

Clearly Bülow's term of office was crucial. His policies have been vigorously assailed and demolished. Much could be expected of his defense. But, frankly, these memoirs are very disappointing as a revelation of the man. They are entertainingly written, are full of good anecdotes, and supply ample evidence of the wide interests, varied experiences, and un-German brilliance of the writer. But they also reveal a rather surprising ill-temper and vindictiveness which is but a pale reflection of the healthy hatred of Bülow's great predecessor. Most of the volume is devoted to personalities, some of whom, like Bethmann, Count Monts, and Erzberger, are brought into the narrative time and again, often with little or no motivation, only to be dismissed with carping criticism and biting sarcasm.

Bülow defends himself by ignoring the charges against him. Take the all-important matter of Anglo-German relations and the famous alliance negotiations of the years 1898 to 1901. He would have us believe that his great aim was to maintain the friendliest relations with England, and insists that the construction of the great German navy could and was carried through without permanent deleterious effects. If, despite all this, there was constant friction, it was due to the unpolitical Germans, to their unreasoning hatred of England and their absurd love for the Boers, to the "blow hot, blow cold" temperament of the Emperor, to Edward's dislike of his nephew, to the hostility of Salisbury, to the suspicions of Holstein, to the unedifying machinations of Eckardstein. Bülow himself was alone on the path of righteousness. But there is, in his memoirs, no frank facing of the issue, not even a word of explanation why he did not rid himself and the foreign office of the sinister influence of Holstein.

Since the war there has been an uninterrupted flow of Jeremiads from Germany. Almost every one connected with the conduct of affairs has shed a tear over the machinations and intrigues of his colleagues. By this time nearly every one has blamed every one else. It is a dreary literature, and sad to read. But it has shown at least this, that all that glitters is not gold, that the German machine, for all its efficiency, had an unimpressive back side, and that William II was a dubious gift of the gods to the German people. Bülow is perhaps fairer than most writers in judging his sovereign. The Emperor was a thoroughly good fellow, natural, well-intentioned, and in politics fundamentally peaceful. But he was temperamental, impulsive, and so hopelessly tactless that he almost defied control. From the Eulenburg correspondence, and more from these memoirs, it is perfectly clear that it took as much of his ministers' energies to keep him half-way steady as it took to lead the whole empire to prosperity. For the student of psychology this material must be invaluable. But the student of statecraft can lay this volume down only with sorrowful reflections on the ironies of fate and the lack of wisdom with which the world is governed.

The Brahmin's Crime

MOTHER INDIA'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS. Vol. II. By KATHERINE MAYO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

THIS is a grim book and the reviewer's task is no easy one. In the first place he must be brief, and the topic is vast; yet the best review of "Mother India" was Gandhi's brief comment "we *have* festering drains and she is a drain-inspector." This is as good as Queen Mary's dictum on Strachey's "Queen Victoria": "he fell in love with the old lady as he got to know her." Both are at once appreciative and critical reviews of very provocative books.

In Volume Two Miss Mayo has largely deserted her well-known formula of magnifying the heroic figure in the foreground by painting a dark and sinister background. In Volume One while she made some wild statements and committed the journalist's fallacy of exaggeration and sweeping generalization she did a service to Indian womanhood which a very famous missionary hailed as "courageous and Christian." Her book stirred up a storm of controversy everywhere, and many replies were published. But none of them adequately answered her assault upon Indian social and religious practices, and the present volume has this great advantage that all the work of investigation has been done for her by a commission of nine representative Hindus and one British woman doctor.

The evidence they accumulated fills more than 4,000 pages, their Report more than 400: and this she has digested into a concise statement, vitiated, it must be noted, by evident prejudice. She shows us the "web of Hindu life" closing its meshes upon some thirty million little girls, killing ten per cent of them annually, and causing unspeakable suffering to all.

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At the centre, like an obsence spider, sits the Brahmin drawing them within the range of his unnatural lusts. So staunch a patriot as Sir Tej Sapru has at last revolted, and his pithy summaries are timely. "You cannot reconcile common sense with the Shastras or with the orthodox books on religion," he says, and again: "I think 99 per cent of the child marriages are due to the priest class. I should make short work of the priests." Behind social custom is Hindu religion, or rather Hindu religion *is* "the web of Hindu life."

Other brave men like S. Ramasami Iyer call the practices of the Hindu community in regard to child-marriage "barbarous," and the attitude of the Brahmins "callous"; and there seems no escaping the conclusion that the conflicting religious texts are used to defend monstrous practices: "the talk of religious injunction in these matters is all rubbish," says a Bengali witness, "whenever they occur they occur through the promptings of beastly propensities." The reviewer would comment on this, with Bernard Shaw, that he should apologize to the beasts.

The consequences in physical, mental, and moral deterioration were honestly voiced by the commission, and Miss Mayo's quotations give a dreadful picture of race suicide. If child marriage is "a regular process of immediate murder," as a Bombay Assemblyman bluntly says, its wide practice involves the building of "a race of weaklings and dwarfs, ailing and effeminate." That India has not yet reaped this dreadful harvest is clear, for child marriage is chiefly practised by Brahmins who number about fourteen million of the total population of over 300 million. But that the practice is being emulated by other castes, and that there is much and widespread physical deterioration, is evident.

The first amendment of the Age of Consent Law enacted in 1891 (which forbade consummation of marriage before the twelfth year of the bride) is largely a dead letter; and when it is remembered that by our reckoning twelve years means eleven, it will be realized how great is the task of the Indian reformer. To enforce reform would call for "a policeman in every orthodox household," says Sir Tej Sapru—and this is optimistic. Very few policemen would do anything about it. In fact many Indian doctors defend the impossible thesis that when consummation is physiologically possible there is nothing wrong in it, and it is clear that the act of consummation is general immediately after puberty, which occurs rather earlier in India than in the West, and that priests and religious texts and public opinion all stoutly defend the practice. Hindu law makes the child the property of the husband, and even her parents are powerless against it. For grim and dreadful facts, such, for example, as the finding of the committee that 2,350,000 brides are under nine years of age, the evidence is, alas, abundant.

* * *

As to what must be done about it Miss Mayo has much to say. She rightly gives credit to Christian missionaries and their converts: she rather unfairly sets over against them the attempts of "Gandhi and his compeers to block proselytism": Mr. Gandhi has again and again spoken in the highest terms of the work of missionaries for the untouchables. Here is the spearhead which will ultimately shatter orthodox Hinduism, and set the children free from a monstrous bondage. Some credit, too, she gives to the small but influential Brahmo-Samaj, and she quotes the committee's verdict that the social reform associations and women's organizations are but a slow and scattered leaven in the vast mass of Indian life, yet that the movement for the emancipation of women is as full of significance in educating a sound public opinion upon this all-important matter.

Everything hinges upon it: "our fitness for home rule," said a teacher of economics and sociology to the committee, "will be judged and decided by what we do or dare not do in this question," and one can see something of the pain of those who have to be reformed in these pages. "The pang of the wrench is excruciating," says Dr. Moonje, a medical man and President of the Hindu Mahasabha. To those who do not know the tyranny of Hindu social custom this cry of pain may seem ridiculous, and over against the pangs of Indian child-brides and mothers it is at best pitiful.

The last part of the book deals with the mob terror and panic which greeted the new law to raise the age of consent: "soon in swift crescendo they were rushing to marry off their girls," says Miss Mayo, and "marriages in thousands and tens of thousands of children six months and one year old were carried out." So the book closes with the Hindu "sitting undisturbed. To-day as of old he marries his girl-child when he sees fit—always remembering that the younger she is, the greater the sanctity of the marriage, and the higher his reward in heaven." Four appendices and a good index give dreadful details and further realistic evidence. One can only be thankful that there are leaders like Sapru, Nehru, Gandhi, and Mrs. Cahttopadhyaya, the organizer of the all India Women's Conference, and this committee of Ten, to lead Mother India into ways of sanity, to break the power of her age-old obsession, and set her spirit free. Let them teach her little daughters to play in her glorious sunlight and the nightmare of centuries may yet be forgotten, and the tubercular bodies healed. So may India find her soul and stand unashamed. When Britain erects statues of Gandhi and Sapru India may set up one of Katherine Mayo—friend of the child-bride.

Cooper the Man

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. By HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON. New York: The Century Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER
Swarthmore College

WHEN James Fenimore Cooper died in 1851 he left behind him a train of misunderstanding and hurt feelings. The glamor of his earlier reputation had been completely obscured by the net of lawsuits and controversies in which he had engaged. His injunction that his private papers should be destroyed and that no biography should be authorized by his family is entirely understandable, however regretable. When the Lounsbury biography appeared in 1883, it proved a disappointment to those who had subconsciously identified its subject with the leather-stockinged hunter of his own creation. Most of the facts in the case were set at right; most of the misunderstandings were emphasized. The attacks and apologies which had harassed him for the last decades of his life were echoed and analyzed. As yet no one had caught the central motivation for the man and had seen his life as a whole. "Isn't it too bad that a man who had the genius of Scott should turn from fiction to facts, from idealizations to opinions?" Obviously his lack of education or something of the sort was to blame. Perhaps it was his background; America was lacking in taste.

Excepting the little appreciated sketch of Cooper by W. B. Shubrick Clymer, which appeared in 1900, and Mr. Brownell's estimate in "American Prose Masters," there has been up to the present no attempt at sympathetic comprehension of the man and his work. Miss Phillips's much illustrated biography revealed a flesh and blood man behind the distorted pictures which his commentators had drawn, but it deliberately avoided critical estimate.

Mr. Boynton had, therefore, a clear field, and he has used it to advantage. He has drawn the first living portrait of Cooper because he has approached his subject with sympathy and treated it with judgment. His biography is lucid and well balanced. It is the best book now available for the reader of "The Spy" who wishes to know what kind of a man James Cooper was. Mr. Boynton's appreciation of most human values and his clear style make his work acceptable, although not in any sense thrilling, to the popular reader; his fairness in dealing with most of the biographical problems make it useful to the scholar.

Any work is, however, injured rather than aided by false claims. Access to the remaining Cooper family papers, for example, has merely cleared up a few facts and allowed the inclusion of a single long letter of exceptional interest. Susan Cooper's many reminiscences and the published correspondence are his principal sources, and the invaluable contribution which James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., grandson of the novelist, made to the subject by publishing, almost a decade ago, almost all the more important of these papers is sometimes obscured in Mr. Boynton's narrative by the inference that they had not previously been available.

The most successful part of the book is the first third. Lounsbury's few sketchy pages are here elaborated into chapters, and not only James, but his father and mother, his brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts, his wife and his children come to life. With a knowledge of his heredity, his associations, and his non-literary activities during the first thirty years of his life, we can understand better the thirty years of his career as novelist and controversialist.

The last third of the book is somewhat disappointing. Mr. Boynton is too much in sympathy with the early Cooper, the healthy, adventurous youth, to understand the second Cooper, the middle-aged critic of his times. When "Demos" returns from Europe to his home, he returns without his biographer. The treatment of the lawsuits is as fair and as sympathetic as that of Lounsbury, but again the finance controversy and the "Letter to his Countrymen" are dismissed as unfortunate mistakes; the interest in etiquette (an integral part of any social attitude) seems an absurd hobby; the anti-rent novels, by many considered the most thoughtful and mature of all of Cooper's works, are left with scarcely a mention. One closes the book with the feeling that Cooper was a romanticist gone wrong, and that is all. Again, "Too bad!" Comments and quotation from Cooper's later work show that Mr. Boynton is aware of the positive values in his non-fictional writings. Mrs. Cooper's prediction is quoted:

> The day will come when grave and thinking men, when the reading community, will often be led to ask themselves, What would Mr. Cooper have thought of these things? And then attention will be turned to his graver, reasoning works, and the "American Democrat" will take its place among them.

But these aspects of Cooper are not developed. The man and the writer of romance were both sacrificed to the impetuous and determined critic. The sacrifice was too much for Mr. Boynton to bear. He leaves us with a thoroughly human and readable story of the man who wrote "The Last of the Mohicans." Perhaps this is the only Cooper who is worthy of the attention of posterity after all. But there was another Cooper whom he himself, and his friends, Lafayette and Morse, and his devoted Susan, believed in even more firmly. With this Cooper Mr. Boynton has little to do.

The prize of $5,000 for the most interesting book manuscript, not fiction, dealing with the American scene, offered jointly by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company of Boston, has been awarded to Archer Butler Hulbert, professor of history and director of the Stewart Commission on Western History, Colorado College, Colorado, for a work entitled "Forty-niners," the chronicle of the rush to California for gold. Professor Hulbert, an authority on Western history, has had access to ninety original journals of the Forty-niners; he has collected the prints, cartoons, and songs of the period. His book was chosen from over five hundred manuscripts submitted in the contest.

Professor Hulbert is the author of many books dealing with various phases of American history, including "Historic Highways of America," "Pilots of the Republic," "Washington and the West," "The Paths of Inland Commerce," and "Frontiers: The Genius of American Nationality."

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

"LIVING PHILOSOPHIES." By Twenty-two Representative Thinkers. *Simon & Schuster.*
Contemporary philosophy as represented by the beliefs and faiths of noted modern thinkers.

"JOHN MISTLETOE." By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. *Doubleday, Doran.*
His own "grammar of surprise," as the author calls it, a volume of exploration into "the memories of thirty years or so."

"FATAL INTERVIEW. By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. *Harpers.*
A volume of sonnets by one of the finest contemporary writers of them.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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With Our Philosophers

LIVING PHILOSOPHIES. By Twenty-two Representative Modern Thinkers. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

IT is a motley, if also a distinguished, flock of sages that Mr. Henry Goddard Leach has shepherded into one volume. Not merely is there little community of thinking, but even a classification into philosophical groups offers difficulties. Still I must attempt the task, for the sages are twenty-two, and it is not possible that there are as many paths as that towards wisdom.

We may first eliminate, as misplaced in the philosophical family, a group of dilettante individualists, comprising Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, and Julia Peterkin. To these I add with some hesitation Irwin Edman, whom I am inclined to subdivide, giving half of him to the dillettanti and the other half to the only thoroughgoing sceptic of the flock, Joseph Wood Krutch. The essays contributed by the dillettante group are from the literary view perhaps the most interesting in the book. The simplicity of the position lends itself to good writing. To imagine the world as an amazing and meaningless show, and yourself as its tolerant and perceptive observer, is to establish an effective if also rather over-familiar situation to which all the precedents of literary romanticism are readily applicable. Mr. Nathan's reëxploitation of the theme is delightfully sensitive and whimsical and adorably written. Mr. Dreiser's celebration of the thrilling futility of all life, has his characteristic lumbering pathos—very telling in its way.

Having dwelt long in the tents of the dilettanti myself it is unseemly that I should affect anything like severity toward them. I merely note that while such an attitude may be one's habitual practice, it can hardly be regarded as a credo or a philosophy. Either should have a degree of universality, and it is obvious that if everybody regarded the world as a good show and himself as its ideal spectator, the show would stop.

For a similar reason I feel that Mr. Krutch, who, as a thoroughgoing skeptic, declines to find any meaning whatever in the world or in himself, is miscast in the rôle of philosopher. A philosophy must give us a reason for thinking this thing or that, for doing this or leaving that undone. In a very able essay, Mr. Krutch assures us there is no such reason, and that even to indulge the illusion thereof is beneath one's human dignity.

Probably we should also eliminate from the philosophers Hilaire Belloc, who simply asserts that successful spiritual adventure can only be satisfactorily conducted within the bounds of an absolute authority —for him the Roman Catholic Church. "The Faith explains; it explains fully; and it is the only thing that does explain."

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The group which finds the right spring of action in social sympathy and social service is naturally large, and this humanitarian thinking finds such distinguished adherents as Albert Einstein, Professor Millikan, the explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, H. G. Wells, the great anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith, and the noted Chinese moralist, Huh Shih. To this group I am adding with reservations, Bertrand Russell. These humanitarians all start from a postulate of the natural goodness of man. It may need to be guided—Professor Millikan proposes as directives the Golden Rule, and the concepts of uniformity of natural law and of evolution; or certain adulterants of human goodness may need to be purged away—Mr. Russell urges that we institute free inquiry and abandon fear. Unquestionably in his emphasis upon fear as the root of much social and political evil he is in accord both with the old common sense and the new psychology. Mr. Russell might well have quoted "Perfect love putteth away fear." Instead he says, "where love is genuine, it will, if combined with intelligence, suffice to generate whatever moral rules are necessary."

Cheerfully granted, but how are we to effect the combination with intelligence? The capacity to love strongly implies that of hating strongly. Is there anywhere a hatred comparable to that of a dog lover for any one who abuses a dog? In short much of Mr. Russell's counsel remains too general to afford guidance, and the modest advice of the humanist simply to avoid extremes, would in comparison seem very practical.

A characteristically modern group which we may call the social technologists really forms a subdivision of the humanitarians. Sir James Jeans pins the hope of the race on Eugenics, as usual failing to define the good which is to be bred. Beatrice Webb and J. B. S. Haldane emphasize with their fellow technologists the application of scientific methods to social planning. John Dewey is nearer fundamentals—for social planning does not *per se* change the individual—in proposing the new psychological approach of learning solely in and through experience. Experience is, however, to be manipulated scientifically. We are to be much more rational, but with the ever ready rationalism of the Horatian poet who composed standing on one foot. The real question seems to be —do we want merely "Johnny on the spot," or Johnny on the spot having previously civilized and fortified himself with much vicarious experience? There is a profounder note in Beatrice Webb's paradoxical appeal from social research and deliberate reconstruction to some sort of religion and some expansion in prayer.

With hesitation I include Mr. Lewis Mumford among the social technologists. To docket him thus is at least to express his immediate program, which is communistic. Only upon a basis of general comfort and security can we build a good life of a broad and generous sort. But the comfort and security are valuable chiefly in so far only as they make a good life possible. The ulterior program merely enlarges on Goethe's—

Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen resolut zu leben,

and it is a proud and worthy device. What is largely an American reduction of the greater intention of Lenin, would ultimately require training for leisure. It is not clear whether in this matter Mr. Mumford trusts to the initiative of the individual or whether he favors the Russian practice of an aggressive adult education. I have lately seen something of this Russian endeavor, and while it has its admirable aspect, it does not seem to me likely to effect that quantity production of good living which Mr. Mumford desiderates. The essay is written with his customary sympathy, subtlety, and eloquence and is one of the better features of the book. It has the moral advantage of offering a specific program.

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It should be said that those who would effect personal and social salvation through the inculcation of the scientific spirit seem to be postponing salvation to the Greek Kalends. When will the average plumber be able to emulate Professor Dewey in bringing a scientific attitude to bear on all actual situations? Mr. James Truslow Adams, in an essay distinguished by robust good sense, drives home this time element, and reminds us that we must keep going during the centuries while we shall painfully be acquiring the scientific attitude. And the thought further occurs, whether that complete rationalization in which the scientific attitude is supposed to consist is possible even in the reader of science itself and whether really it be applicable to those major assertions of character which rest on the emotions. Possibly the scientist also is a chap who primarily wants to substantiate his hypothesis—does in short some wishful thinking like the layman. Possibly his chief moral superiority, and it is a considerable one, lies in the fact that when his hypothesis is upset, he is likely to be more good-natured about it than the statesman, philologian, or theologian in similar case. In short the scientist may be rather the Admirable Crichton of the moral world than the Moses or St. Paul.

The humanists, represented by Irving Babbitt, James Truslow Adams, and, with a difference, Dean Inge, have the advantage of a limited program, and the disadvantage of what may be called minus technology. For them the attitude upon which a good life may be framed is that of a critical acceptance of the moral tradition of the race, a tradition that should constantly be restudied but never abruptly rejected. Dean Inge naturally proposes this critical scrutiny with reference to the Christian tradition. Professor Babbitt repeats cogently his Aristotelian-Confucian counsel of moderation, decorum, the golden mean. Mr. Adams in different language is of the same mind when he asserts our human capacity to build up moral standards and our need of acting on such standards. Mr. Krutch makes great fun of the golden mean, declaring that nobody has ever fixed its precise location. Professor Babbitt and Mr. Adams would say doubtless that there is always plenty of room between extremes to give a place for the mean, and that everybody has to fix it for himself. Much of the misunderstanding of such positions, much of the readiness to call them cold and inert, rests on the failure to perceive that there can be a passion for moderation, as there can be, for example, for justice.

It may be urged against humanism that its teaching, or the rough equivalent in folk wisdom, has been in the world for thousands of years without conspicuously successful results. And in fairness it should be added that whatever moral progress has been gained has probably been largely due to that homely folk wisdom which underlies the teaching of Confucius and Aristotle, as it does that of Irving Babbitt.

This symposium is a stimulating and interesting book, rather than an impressive or important contribution to philosophical thinking. Possibly it is more significant on the negative than on the positive side. There is no professional philosophy in evidence, no metaphysics, no epistemology, just views about the conduct of life, in short the Greek notion of philosophy. Thirty years ago a symposium of this sort, if possible, would have been professional indeed. Yet the novelty of the book comes down to a touching and, to me, unwarranted faith in the scientific attitude as a panacea.

Once at a college commencement with bibulous and travestied alumni in abundance, I saw a vision of Alma Mater in the character of the Roman mother exclaiming, "These are my paste jewels." I am afraid the Muse of Philosophy is thinking something of this kind about three-quarters of the contributors to this volume.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER VII

My first and my second are like as two peas;
For each is a donkey inveterate;
And thistles for hay they could eat every day,
And believe that the world nothing better ate;
And each is what great Alexander would dub
That impudent cynic who lived in a tub,
When he found him my third and himself was the victim
Of a subject sarcastic who dared contradict him!
(The average king would have lost self-control
And committed the churl to the hands of my whole.)

NUMBER VIII

The reader who looks at these rhymes with sagacity
Will divine that my first may mean "in the capacity
Of" this or that thing, or especially person
(It's a very small word that I've builded my verse on).

When a job must be done that's a terrible bore for you,
And you'd rather a substitute took up the chore for you,
A hireling impressed by your Honor's authority
Is my next on his mission of inferiority.

When husbands and wives are ashamed of their bickering,
When dealers in horses have done with their dickering,
When Congress has quitted its mean filibustering,
For my whole to the best we are peacefully mustering.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine, the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to *The Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of *The Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of *The Saturday Review.*

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Schooling of Richard Orr

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

DANGER that the river held,
Danger that the forest hid,
Five hundred miles of pinewoods came
Right to the doors of Pemaquid.

A row of lamps and in behind
The catamount's cold moonstone eyes,
The voices of some threescore men
And back of these the bob-cat's cries.

Richard Orr in cut-me-downs
Of homespun that his father wore
Brought buttermilk in earthen jugs,
His ten-year heart sang at its core.

Four men with legs set far apart
Ate their way through bearded wheat
With shining scythes like pendulums
And dewdrops on their shuffling feet.

Smoke above the cabin roof,
The maples stood all soundless fire,
A hawk drew circles on the blue,
And death was coming nigh and nigher.

Richard's father far ahead
In his swath stood up and tipped
The buttermilk down his brown throat
Until his chin with whiteness dripped.

Jug on high, he spun about
And coughed a quiet, dreadful way,
A stream of scarlet from his mouth
Made a trickle through the whey.

"What now! what now!" he cried, and Dick
First saw the goose quills on a stick
That stood two hand-breadths out behind
His father's shoulders wide and thick.

And then his father put both knees
Upon the ground and could not rise
And tried to speak but only said
Something frightful with his eyes.

Richard saw Tom Bolling run
And go down suddenly like lead,
Thresh out sidewise with his heels,
And clap both hands upon his head.

And Jonas Nye was on all fours
Staring hard upon each hand,
But William Crockthrope lay as flat
And heavy as a sack of sand.

Then Richard ran but ran on legs
As heavy as the legs in dreams,
The sunlight burned upon his hair,
His throat was torn with silent screams.

Flames above his father's house,
Thick black smoke on neighbor Lee's,
Every house stood in its smoke,
The blue-jay screamed behind the trees.

Dick veered and raced another way,
And saw three painted faces rise
Dead and red as maple leaves
At the corners of his eyes.

He veered again, and still a smile
That never changed a line of glee
Cut across his sight and grew
So huge there was no sun to see.

Two maple saplings round his waist,
Two adder's eyes upon his own,
A drumhead burst inside his brain,
And he was lying trussed and blown.

Not a shout had Richard heard
Till now as on his back he lay
A gunshot cracked, and thin, short cries
Faded distantly away.

Voices gutteral and quick
Burst about him everywhere,
The Devil bent as head peeled bald
Save for a knot of horse's hair.

And Dick was jerked upon his feet
And led past where his father lay,
His head too terrible to see
Glistening darkly on the hay.

Other devils joined the march,
Dick saw his mother where she walked
With his younger brother John
Clutched to her bosom tomahawked.

He tried to reach her, but a hand
Reached and made his chin drip pain;
Dick saw her go another way,
And never looked on her again.

The sun was blue upon the waves,
The chickadees chirped overhead,
All was at peace save where tall flames
Behind the trees stood ugly red.

They pushed off in a birch canoe,
And northward on an amber way
They sped along, and Richard's eyes
Stared up till stars burned through the day.

One star on another slid
Overhead and down from sight
Until Dick's brain was agony
And the stars' far, helpless light.

The east was like a spreading fire
When they grated on the sands;
They cut the thongs on Richard's wrists,
He stood and could not feel his hands.

A dozen tents spewed out a crowd,
The dawn was ripped apart with yells,
A wall of faces shut Dick in,
A wall of faces that were Hell's.

Squaws with mouths like oven-holes
Pulled his hair out by the roots,
Gaunt children spat upon his clothes,
Gaunt dogs set teeth into his boots.

They thrust live coals into his hands
And howled to see him hop and skip,
They ran their knives beneath his nails
And roared to see the fingers drip.

Then Dick stood still and felt himself
Grow taller by a dozen years,
The cry could not come past his teeth,
And he was grown beyond all tears.

They struck him in the face and chest
Till face and chest were black-and-blue,
They singed his eyelashes and brows
And slit one of his nostrils through.

When Dick could see no more for pain
A man burst through the ring of wives
And sent them sprawling with his fist
And running howling for their lives.

He set the boy beside his fire
And fed him chunks of charred, sweet meat;
And Dick forgot his mother's face
And like a wolf fell to to eat.

His master grunted at the sight
And set a bowl upon Dick's knees
With swollen kernals of the corn
Smoking in a red-hot grease.

And so Dick got his belly full;
And then his head was closely shorn,
And he was given ears to rub
And strip them bare of yellow corn.

When the leaves were off the trees
They taught Dick how to shin the oak
And creep out where two red coals glowed
And bring the 'coon down with one stroke.

When the sky was spitting snow
They showed him how to string the gut
And make the shoes that could outstrip
The whitened rabbit's flying scut.

When the January stars
Blazed and panted like blown coals
They taught him how to keep alive
By gnawing at his rawhide soles.

They taught him how to dodge the ice
And push the upset craft ashore,
They taught him how to stand and go
On hunger pangs and nothing more.

Dick learned to be a creeping snake,
A patient madness, and a knife,
To lie in wait, to strike and tear,
To be a hawk above all life.

He learned to eat his tongue and be
Silent hour on long hour
And feel a brotherhood with trees,
Rocks, and rivers white with power.

He knew the wisdom of the winds,
The life-and-death affair of weather;
He moved inevitable as moons
And knit his mind and night together.

He grew above the reach of pain,
Beyond all pity, grief, or love.
He had a heart that burned aloof
As any star that blazed above.

Sometimes he saw his mother's face,
But it grew dim as years went by,
At last it was the gentle look
In the slain deer's open eye.

And all that he recalled of God
Whom once he prayed to on his knees
Seemed eyes of lynxes as they crept
Without a sound beneath the trees.

He mated, but his heart was whole
As frost that nips the early bud;
Sons he had but knew his life
Would run out with his own spilt blood.

His feet and hands were all he had,
His eye was dearer than the sun;
He knew the world would turn to mist
When his latest hunt was done.

Words were nothing but the sound
Of water lapping on the stones,
The stricken leaves that rustled down
Said as much as men's last groans.

You slew and took the strength things had
To be your own until your stroke
Missed one day, and other things
Took the bread your body broke.

Richard lost the track of years,
He measured manhood by the moon,
The flight of geese, the swollen buds,
The leaves beneath the maples strewn.

Each snow that flew meant one blaze more
On the trail that led to gloom,
Each mating of the bluebirds said
One notch nearer to his doom.

And Richard went like thistledown
And sunlight on a running stream,
Brought the thundering moose to earth,
And never had a dream to dream.

Then Richard woke one night and found
A white-man's muzzle at his head,
His village and his tent ablaze,
His redskin allies sprawling dead.

Soldiers of his Majesty,
Laying waste an Indian town,
Were most amazed to take alive
An Indian whose hair was brown.

He proved to be a captured white,
Sole relict of old Pemaquid.
They brought him home to his own kind,
Though he seemed careless what they did.

They gave him house and land to till,
They hemmed him round with sympathy;
But they as well might try to make
Friends with some tall maple tree.

He stood apart, beyond their words,
He seemed to listen for a sound
Beyond their hammers and their saws,
Beyond their ploughshares in the ground.

He grew uneasy towards the night
When the whippoorwills began;
Folks grew shy of him and said
He was a ruin of a man.

One day he vanished. No one saw
His blank, brown visage any more.
After that men shunned the woods
More than they had done before.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A Baedeker to "Ulysses"

JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES. By STUART GILBERT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

"ULYSSES" is, with "Remembrance of Things Past," the most influential imaginative work of our time. Complete comprehension of it is more difficult than complete comprehension of "Remembrance of Things Past," for an epic is more difficult than a chronicle, and besides, on almost every page of "Ulysses" there are allusions which need to be explained. Also there is a strange locale for the narrative, a strange system of ideas underlying it, and a strange technique in the building up of it. For all these reasons a copious comment on "Ulysses" is in order.

Mr. Gilbert's study goes into 379 pages —the length of a longish novel—and the index to it takes seventeen pages. As we read it, the length does not seem to be excessive, for we find that the writer is dealing with something very substantial and very manifold. James Joyce gave us a city in a book, and a city as the citizens themselves feel and know it—through their memories and anticipations, their reverences and antipathies, and the habitual round of their lives. The knowledge of this local psychology seeps into the reader as he or she goes through "Ulysses," but it can be made deeper and more wide as can the knowledge of an actual city, an actual folk. Then James Joyce has taken a unique way of organizing his material: he makes the doings of his principals correspond to the episodes in the Odyssey. The knowledge of these correspondences, like the knowledge of the city and its folk, can be very much extended; these extensions give an enhancement of interest, an enhancement of enjoyment to readers.

The intellectual interests that belong to the younger hero of the epic need to be commented upon, too: as Stephen Dædalus walks the streets of Dublin he is attended by ghosts, Mr. Gilbert tells us; amongst these ghosts are "Thomas Aquinas and a motley collection of medieval philosophers." The theology of the Catholic Church and its secular learning, inaccessible to most readers of English, are dwelt on. Thomas Aquinas furnishes the esthetic and the dialectic which makes Stephen Dædalus's mentality so distinctive, and the medieval philosophers, Doctors of the Church and heresiarchs, have discussed the mystery which underlies the vast complex of "Ulysses"—the mystery of paternity, the relation of the son to the father and the father to the son. James Joyce has made the search of a son for a father and a father for a son a mystery in the sense in which the Catholic Church uses the word "mystery"—"a revealed truth which we cannot comprehend." "Fatherhood," declares Stephen Dædalus,

> in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man. It is a mystical estate, an apostolic succession, from only begetter to only begotten. On that mystery and not on the madonna which the cunning Italian intellect flung to the mob of Europe the Church is founded and founded irremovable because founded, like the world, macro-and-microcosm, upon the void. Upon incertitude, upon unlikelihood.

Only the Doctors of the Church and the great heresiarchs dealt adequately with the mystery of that relation, and their ideas are referred to again and again in the narrative of Leopold Bloom's and Stephen Dædalus's day.

In the second part of his study Mr. Gilbert takes the different episodes of "Ulysses" and shows us the technique used in building each up, its correspondence in Homer's epic, the particular idea which it is meant to illustrate. This analysis has to be thoroughgoing, because the very meaning of "Ulysses" is implicit, to quote Mr. Gilbert, in "the technique of the various episodes, in nuances of language, in the thousand and one correspondences and allusions with which the book is studded." He takes up each of the eighteen and shows the richness of significance that underlies each episode. Let me give an example of his way of comment. In the third episode Stephen loiters along a beach near Dublin. The uninstructed reader can get out of this narrative a beautiful presentation of a troubled young philosopher moving amongst derelict and unsavory things. But the reader's interest is enhanced when he or she recognizes a correspondence with the Proteus episode in Homer. The Proteus whom Stephen, as he speculates and expresses himself, grapples with, is speech—ever-changing human speech. This speech is itself the symbol of nature which delights "to alter all things and present them under another form," as Marcus Aurelius observes. The episode is further enriched for the reader by Mr. Gilbert's showing that a definite Egyptian scene and material were worked up by Homer in Menelaus's encounter with the Old Man of the Sea. The reader sees, then, that the quatrain in Gypsy slang which Stephen improvises is organic ornament, and that the two cockle-gatherers who are in his view on the beach have a vital connection with the situation.

> Shouldering their bags they trudged, the red Egyptians. His blued feet out of the turned-up trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull brick muffler strangling his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed the ruffian and his strolling mort . . . behind her lord and helpmate, bing awast, to Romeville.

So beside the sense that we get of the mutability of language and of nature there are memories of Homer and of Egypt and the sense of the sea as a drowning element bringing constantly to Stephen the memory of his mother dead. In such manner Mr. Gilbert takes us through the other episodes, giving the most extended analysis to one which deals with the disintegration of personality, the brothel scene, which corresponds with the Circe episode in Homer.

Before analyzing the eighteen episodes Mr. Gilbert surveys the course of the narrative and discusses the technique by which the narrative is built up and the ideas which the narrative carries along. The side of Joyce's technique which has received the most attention, which has been most exploited by his followers, is the interior monologue, the free associations of ideas and impressions happening in the minds of his principals. Because this interior monologue had the sanction of psycho-analysis when writers were beginning to draw on that discovery it was taken as Joyce's main contribution to the technique of the novel. But Joyce was not at all eager to figure as an initiator as regards this device; he passed on the credit for its discovery to a French novelist of an older generation, to M. Edouard Dujardin. Mr. Stuart Gilbert claims no exceptional status for the interior monologue which Joyce on occasions makes use of; in fact, he quotes a French critic, M. Auguste Bailly, who shows that this method has no real primacy over other methods of representing an individual's mental life. Our mental life, this critic says,

> is composed of a continuous monologue within, which, though it generally adjusts itself to the object of our activity or immediate preoccupation, is apt to desert this and wander far afield, to yield to other influences, to distractions, internal or external, and sometimes to be influenced by almost mechanical associations.

This continuous monologue within cannot really be represented in literature, for

> The necessity of recording the flow of consciousness by means of words and phrases compels the writer to depict it as a continuous horizontal line, like a line of melody. But even a casual examination of our inner consciousness shows us that the presentation is essentially false. We do not think on one plane, but on many planes at once. It is wrong to suppose that we follow only one train of thought at a time; there are several trains of thought, one above the other. . . . At every instant of conscious life we are aware of the simultaneity and multiplicity of thought-streams.

The internal monologue, then, is but one of the many technical devices employed in "Ulysses." Joyce's main device, it seems to me, is much more complex and subtle than anything of this kind. He can describe and record as Flaubert would have the writer describe and record. And he can bring into his writing that which the symbolists sought to bring into theirs. Take the unforgettable episode in which Odysseus-Bloom encounters Nausicaa-Gerty McDowell: the scene is brought before us with more immediacy than Flaubert could bring it, for it is brought before us in schoolgirl language, on a schoolgirl level of consciousness. But Joyce evokes as well as records: through the naturalism of the scene come "essences" (in Santayana's meaning of the term—something timeless and universal). There is schoolgirl speech and schoolgirl behavior, and there is the chapel of the Virgin who is the Star of the Sea, and the fireworks bloom and fade as the wishing Nausicaa watches the unspoken-to Odysseus take his departure. It is this combination of naturalism with symbolism, the record and the evocation, that is James Joyce's special technique.

"Ulysses" can be read without a comment; nor is it all tragedy and illumination; it is as funny as it is startling, and the comic episodes are as memorable as the tragic ones. A reader who is not a mere skipper of pages, no matter how uninstructed he may be in the background, technique, and ideas, can get much enjoyment out of "Ulysses." But, as I have suggested, this enjoyment can be enhanced by a certain amount of knowledge. Mr. Stuart Gilbert gives us this knowledge amply and finely. To be informing is but ordinary virtue in a commentator, but to be genially informing is to have the mark of exceptional performance. Mr. Gilbert is genially informing. All who are about to reread "Ulysses," and those who hope sometime to read it, should read this study of his. On almost every page there is an extract from the text that is being commented on. Those who cannot obtain "Ulysses" can get to know what the book is about by reading this extended and detailed study.

Our Double Life

DREAMS AND PERSONALITY: A Study of Our Dual Lives. By FREDERICK PIERCE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

MR. FREDERICK PIERCE has made a systematic study of the dream-life by a method that commends itself logically and psychologically, logically because it is based on a large number of cases, some of them studied in detail, and with a sufficient sampling of the dreamer's nocturnal habits of mind to be representative; psychologically because it brings the dreaming and waking personality into relation. So the first question is whether the dream-personality continues the waking one in more dramatic, episodic, imaginative temper, or whether dream-life affords compensation for outlets denied expression in the workaday world. Is the other self of our dual lives a twin or does it play a contrasted Jekyl and Hyde role? For that comparison only the eighteen dreamers whose dream-life was intensively recorded for long periods, are available. The score is eight "alike" to ten "unlike"; but in the group of eight "alike" only two are men; and in the group of ten "unlike" there are five men and five women. So the whole dream-life for some is dominantly a compensation and for others dominantly a fulfilment.

However, special investigation was directed to Freud's central thesis that a dream is a wish fulfilment. The thesis when weighed was found wanting. Not half the dream material could be so interpreted. On the other hand, Freud's observation that dreams are for the most part symbolic, with a deeper latent meaning as an obbligato to the superficial patent narrative in which the dream incidents appear, is well substantiated.

In view of the arbitrary and fantastic interpretations which orthodox psychoanalysts give to dreams, forcing them into sexual and personally toned relations, it is well to have a more comprehensive and unprejudiced study by one who recognizes Freudian factors but does not subscribe to the entire Freudian plan of exegesis. Freud did not discover the psychological value of the freer dream material, but he gave point and currency to the use of the dream as a revelation of deeper (and ordinarily unacknowledged) motivation, and as indicative of a primary pleasure trend toward the use of fantasy. The night dream seems to come nearer to pure fantasy than to day-dreaming. Because of the deeply personal interest in dreams, and because, as is true of all introspective reports, the dreamer alone can be a competent and adequate reporter, it is important to offset the subjective weakness of these dream-data by the objective strength of numbers gathered from all sorts of normal persons. The Freudian prism has distorted even as it has revealed the spectral hues of dreams. Mr. Pierce's contribution may prove a guide to the profitable approach to our dream biographies.

Africa Then and Now

KACHALOLA, or Mighty Hunter. By SIDNEY SPENCER BROOMFIELD. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1931. $4.

AFRICA SPEAKS. By PAUL L. HOEFLER. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON

ONE went to Africa frankly and openly in search of adventure and such profit as could be made by hunting and trading. He bought his way when he could, fought it when he had to, and troubled what authorities there were as little as possible.

The other went on a "scientific" expedition, but was not quite clear as to exactly where he was going until just before he reached Mombasa. The "scientific" part of the undertaking is still a little vague. He was supplied with servants who had to work according to contract or be jailed, with government bungalows, and with gasoline and oil sent on in advance.

Kachalola was educated to be a doctor but departed for East Africa and adventure as soon as he finished college in 1868. He followed Livingstone's route quite closely, going up the Zambesi, and then northward to the lakes. Not being troubled with Livingstone's conscience, he did not allow the Arab slave traders to interfere with his hunting or his pleasure. When they bothered him he merely organized a small war by backing some local tribe which had been badly treated by the Arabs. If any Arabs were captured as a result, they were promptly hung to the nearest tree by Kachalola's orders. Inhospitable chiefs were captured by his armed body-guard, flogged, and held as hostages until they saw the light or the value of peaceful trading for ivory. On his first expedition he tried to prevent his porters from stealing, buying, or accepting wives as gifts and absolutely refused to accept any himself. On later expeditions he was more amenable to the customs of the country. After becoming more or less involved with the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1874 for interfering with the Sultan's slave collectors, Kachalola transferred his attentions to the East Indies until 1876, where the present volume leaves us.

This yarn is frankly and engagingly, though cold-bloodedly, told. Details are plentiful. There are interesting excursions into local customs and some especially diverting comments on native ladies. The story lacks the romance of "Trader Horn" and, on the whole, is not as well written.

Kachalola shot his three or four or five elephants or lions a day from up in a tree or from behind the tree, or from whatever cover happened to be handy, with old-fashioned, muzzle-loading guns. The Denver African Expedition shot much of theirs from carefully constructed blinds with telephoto lenses. Sometimes they seem to have gone out of their way to get photographs of "wild" animals. I took some elephant photographs at least as good as theirs within sight of the very interesting elephant school at Wanda, which Mr. Hoefler dismisses with great scorn. The method of his expedition's travel on government roads and ferries, with a great oil company supplying fuel at seemingly impossible places, is in sharp contrast with Kachalola's plunging ahead into unknown forests.

The story of the Denver Expedition's trip from Mombasa to Lagos by way of the Belgian Congo and Lake Chad is a rather tiresome itinerary of camps and mud holes and bad river crossings, with a list of the animals shot for dinner. There is little "scientific" information about native tribes, animals, or geographical regions. But the book is probably worth buying for its twelve dozen very excellent photographs. It is not the story of the motion picture of the same name, although the author has to answer for both.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Masaryk and His Country

THOMAS G. MASARYK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By C. J. C. STREET. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $3.

ROMANTIC CZECHOSLOVAKIA. By ROBERT MEDILL MCBRIDE. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

HARDLY could there be too many books about Thomas G. Masaryk, the venerable but still alertly vigorous President of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia. He is, in our deliberate judgment, the greatest personality now living; certainly the greatest among the titular heads of governments. Risen, like Lincoln, from lowliest beginnings, and coming to high place among men by virtue of his own efforts and qualities, he has all of the fine attributes of Lincoln, lacks those not fine, and surpasses him in those respects of intellectual discipline and equipment which group under the name of "culture." Masaryk is a scholar, to say the least as much so as Woodrow Wilson; his life has been, if in a different way, as strenuous as that of Roosevelt. No President that we ever have had could match him in his intelligent knowledge of the world as a whole. And none, not even the legendary Washington, has been of finer character, more unselfish devotion to the cause of human liberty, more spendthrift of precious things of life in the service of his own people. It is no exaggeration to say that he was the maker of the new republic, most interesting, most prosperous, most progressive, of the "succession states" made out of the ruins of old Austria-Hungary over which he so benignly presides.

Mr. Street's biography of Masaryk is a plain, straightforward account of Masaryk's life and political views, drawing heavily, as one must, upon the President's own writings into which he has himself inextricably woven his own personality. If it lacks the warmth and human color of Donald Lowrie's previously published story of Masaryk, Street's has a broader sense of the political factors. One might well read this somewhat heavy-handed book (this is not to call it dull, which it is not) and then season the dish with Lowrie's. But whether one read either or both, he cannot escape the total impression of a very great soul, worthy the study and emulation of any American.

As for Mr. McBride's account of a really thorough journey through Czechoslovakia —I wish I had had it before I made the trip myself. Those who know his "Towns and People of Modern Germany" and his "Spanish Towns and People" need not be told that Mr. McBride is a careful observer and intelligent traveler, who fortifies himself with history and detail more than sufficient for the ordinary tourist. In charm and vivid color this book cannot compare with Jessie Mothersole's "Czechoslovakia: the Land of an Unconquerable Ideal"; but, again, one undertaking to see this new-old country must have both books.

Czechoslovakia is in some sort the keystone of democracy under present political conditions in Central Europe. Upon its stability depends the whole structure of the "Little Entente," guaranteed, as it were, by France. Were Czechoslovakia to slip, the house of cards ensuing upon the war and the treaty of Versailles would come down and almost certainly plunge all Europe and very likely the whole world again into political chaos. Therefore the rest of the world, and especially the people of the United States, cannot know too much about this little country which guards the way between West and East, between medievalism and today.

Mr. Caswell's drawings for "Romantic Czechoslovakia" are delightful; in them one feels the life of the people in all its manifestations, from the German edge of Bohemia to the tail-end in Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia, over against Russia.

TIME TO READ

We are discontented with a conception common to our trade. We wonder why *light reading* should be considered peculiar to the summer season. If summer means leisure, as it does to most of us, leisure means time to read the big, the best, and sometimes the only book on a subject. Each of the titles listed below has been selected as the *ne plus ultra* in its field, and is recommended as part of this mild exhortation against the summer light reading fallacy.

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT
By Vernon Louis Parrington *3 vols.* *$12.00*

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH CIVILIZATION
By Sir Esmé Wingfield-Stratford *$5.00*

MEDIAEVAL CULTURE
By Karl Vossler *2 vols.* *$8.00*

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD
Edited by Carl Clemen *$4.50*

A TREATISE ON MONEY
By John Maynard Keynes *2 vols.* *$8.00*

MIDDLETOWN
By Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd *$5.00*

REASON AND NATURE
By Morris R. Cohen *$5.00*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEPHENS
2 vols. *$7.50*

AMERICA COMES OF AGE
By André Siegfried *$3.00*

THE GROWTH OF THE MIND
By Kurt Koffka *$4.50*

AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO MODERN PSYCHOLOGY
By Gardner Murphy *$6.00*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHARACTER
By A. A. Roback *$5.50*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., N.Y.

A Great Scientist

COPE: MASTER NATURALIST. By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD W. BERRY
Johns Hopkins University

EDWARD DRINKER COPE was a great naturalist—certainly among the greatest that America has produced. His passion for nature in all of her aspects, and his passion for recording her manifestations in the written word as well as pictorially, commenced at the age of six in his childish letters to his relatives, and ceased only with death. His mind and body were incessantly active, the earthly tenement of an indomitable spirit worn out prematurely. No one can look at his portraits without a realization of his great mind and aggressive spirit. The map of his explorations includes every state in the Union except Maine, the southern tier of states from South Carolina to Louisiana and Washington, and the present generation can have no appreciation of the hardships and very real dangers of field work in the West during the '70's.

Cope was of that noble company of individualists who are inevitably in advance of their times in their thinking and who therefore never command the support of the scientific bureaucracies. An innovator in taxonomy and perhaps the most prolific writer on a wide range of scientific subjects in modern times, he inevitably sacrificed maturity of judgment to speed, and often allowed his enthusiasm for new ideas to carry him beyond the available facts. He was also exceedingly chivalrous toward his own opinions. Of a long line of honorable Quaker ancestry, Edward Drinker Cope was a forthright man and we know of no higher praise. No one was ever in doubt as to where he stood on any question nor in his estimates of his contemporaries.

Cope's private life merged early with his scientific work. Born in July 1840, the eldest son of a family in comfortable circumstances, his education was objective rather than scholastic. Following his return from a European trip in 1864 he was professor of zoölogy at Haverford College for a time, but a modest financial independence, subsequently lost, enabled him to follow the lure of zoölogy—present and past—which took him to extensive explorations of cave life throughout the East, to exhuming and describing the extinct vertebrates of the Coastal Plain deposits, particularly those of the Upper Cretaceous of New Jersey, and then the Tertiary mammals of the Coastal Plain. In 1871 we find him collecting in the Cretaceous of Kansas, and from that time onward his main interests were in the West.

Connected with the Wheeler and Hayden surveys, he worked usually without remuneration and often outfitted expeditions at his own expense, as well as employing collectors, and buying collections freely. In 1886 he lost his fortune and the next decade was one of poverty which undoubtedly shortened his life, but serves to exalt our estimate of the spirit of the man and his devotion to science. In 1889 he became professor of geology and mineralogy at the University of Pennsylvania, and in 1896 professor of zoölogy and comparative anatomy in that institution. In April of the next year occurred his untimely death.

Professor Osborn has brought together an exceedingly interesting biography, one that is something more than mere biography since it portrays an epoch in vertebrate paleontology. This is done in a way that gives the book a wide appeal to the layman as well as the scientist. It is not only a most important contribution to the history of the natural sciences during the last half of the nineteenth century, but a fascinating character study of a man whom we have honored since childhood. Nothing in the intimate details, and none are withheld or glossed over, casts a cloud over the memory or detracts from the mental and moral stature of the man.

The author aptly compares Cope with Lamarck in his powers of generalization and induction. Like Lamarck, he was buffeted by fortune and without influence in high places, and also like Lamarck again, Cope was least happy in deductive philosophy.

Cope's productivity and versatility were prodigious. His achievements as a field explorer, in geological correlation, in herpetology, ichthyology, paleontology, and evolution were sufficient in any of these single fields of human endeavor to have brought him great honor and a secure place on the bede roll of scientific worthies.

It might be well for the distinguished author of this most excellent book to be reminded of the etymology and accepted usage of the terms paleontology and paleontologists since vertebrates comprise but a small part of the subject matter of the science, and their students constitute but a small minority of that guild.

Urbane Lectures

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. Third Series. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by SHARON BROWN

IN this, the latest volume of a notable series, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch repeats the happy achievement of earlier pages, extending the bounds of his lecture hall at Cambridge to embrace his readers as well as his hearers. The form of these addresses being reproduced without change, one may enjoy the illusion of sitting before an urbane and scholarly and witty lecturer as he shares his enthusiasms with his students. Wistfully one reflects that such lecturers are all too rarely encountered.

Or one may regard this book as an invitation to spend a mellow afternoon in some private library. Here are ranged Dorothy Wordsworth, W. S. Gilbert, Patmore, Longinus, Scott—one and all brought alive at the touch of familiar gossip. Longinus was a passionate lover of the poets, but his job obliged him "to yoke them up to the rhetorical business" for his masters, the stolid Romans. Gilbert had a detestable temper and savagely derided the passing of woman's beauty. Patmore, fearful of Louis Napoleon's ambitions, organized a rifle club, thus inspiring the Volunteer Movement (and Tennyson's "Riflemen, form!"), a strange business for the Poet of Nuptial Love!

With more serious purpose the author turns to the English elegy and, in perhaps the most important papers of the lot, analyzes this little-discussed form. With inexhaustible felicity of illustration he traces the history of the elegy to modern times and concludes that "however its form may change, the function of elegy must abide, since it renders a permanent service of its own to human life."

In the entertaining lecture on Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals we learn how complacently her poetic brother lifted inspiration from her pages. Indeed, Quiller-Couch even credits Dorothy with originating the romantic fondness for drawing philosophic generalizings from nature.

Again, the failure of Patmore's idylls of married love is explained: their subject matter is that normality of conduct which, however desirable in life, is only a point of departure for art; and the arts "illustrate law by means of its exceptions, vindicate the normal by means of man's deflections from it, teach peace by bringing it triumphant out of conflict."

American educators seeking a more liberal academic regimen will be interested in "On Reading for the English Tripos." Ostensibly a lecture of advice to new students this is actually the professional creed of a gifted teacher of English. In another place we find a defense for the continuance of the lecture method in an age of printed knowledge. Printed knowledge as represented by mere books in the mass is, to the untrained mind, only so much inert stuff. But to the mind trained by contact with living minds, books are dynamic realities. "The purpose of lectures is to awaken and stimulate interest." In this book Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch amply fulfils his own axiom.

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

I ALLUDED in my last letter to Charles de la Roncière's "Jacques Cartier." He is one of our best connoisseurs of old cartography and tells the story of Jacques Cartier's life and discoveries with all the advantages accruing from his situation as vice-director of the Bibliothèque Nationale and keeper of the Maps Department. He does not claim to be an artist in words and his methods of composition lack variety. But his spirited digressions, not devoid of a personal element, are at least as entertaining as his narrative.

For instance, he will tell you, *en passant*, how he dated one of the fine maps in his department, by the Castilian flag adorning Granada (taken January 2, 1492), while no mention appeared of Columbus's first discoveries (October of the same year). This led to a closer study of the document. He first noticed the faint outline of an island far west of Ireland, towards what was called "Newfoundland" (a mere translation of the Breton fisherman's "Terre Neufve" already in use), after Cabot's discovery. Two or three lines more than effaced were then revealed: "This is the Isle of the Seven Cities still inhabited by Portuguese, as reported by Spanish sailor boys. Silver is found in its sands."

These were the very same words used in a memorandum by Columbus's son. That memoir relates how seven Portuguese bishops flying in 711 from their Islamized country, had found a refuge, together with some of their flock in an island called Antilia, and how a Spanish ship had once, by chance, been stranded on its shores. The crew narrowly escaped internment. The cabin-boys cleaning their sauce-pans on the beach had found gold dust in the sand.

"Silver" was probably good enough for Columbus's son.

Such a textual coincidence could not but induce La Roncière to further research. The Map was studded with manuscript references borrowed *verbatim* from the "Imago Mundi," of Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly, and we know d'Ailly's "Imago" was Columbus' "livre de chevet." But there was more to come. One of those references reproduced, down to a solecism in the text, an autograph note written by Columbus himself about the length of time taken by Solomon's ships from one end of the Red Sea to the other. In another note Columbus specifies that his Red Sea reference is "on one of his maps where a sphere is figured."

It so happens that the 1492 map of the Bibliothèque Nationale is the first sea chart yet discovered where a sphere is displayed. Nothing will ever persuade M. de la Roncière that he is not the happy keeper of the document that inspired Columbus and led him to the discovery of your continent. Who knows but that it was on board with Christopher himself?

Many an American has probably enjoyed as much as I did the view of that treasure and, still more, the chastened enthusiasm of its worthy identifier. But has the story been made as popular as it deserves? If you discern some weak link in La Roncière's argument, do not pounce upon it. I like a pleasant illusion as much as a bitter truth. We are all prisoners of our imagination, all confined in our particular "châteaux en Espagne," or, as Chamfort said, "*cachots* (dungeons) in Spain."

In a former volume, mentioned here, M. de la Roncière pointed out the existence of an Indian League of Nations. He now relates the Indian methods of gas and smoke war, and illustrates them by a reproduction of two curious etchings, one of 1575, the other undated, representing Hochelaga (Montreal). The natives are tightly trousered. O God, O Montreal! Another curious illustration (from Thevet's "Cosmography") shows a pilot, armed with his *bâton de Jacob*, or *nocturlabe*, in the act of taking his bearings from the poop of a caravel.

Do you very much care whether Madame Georgette Leblanc is or is not the real author of Maeterlinck's work? Or do you want a red hot document on that larger question of married or unmarried collaboration which lies at the bottom of so many "Lives" of great writers: the Carlyles, the Lewises, the Brownings, and Anatole France, too, and Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, and above all, Strindberg, not to speak of those American couples that you know better than I? Then buy, borrow, or steal Madame Georgette Leblanc's "Souvenirs" (Grasset). But for God's sake do not induce some learned professor to write a treatise on the whole subject.

If Gerard d'Houville was not the pseudonym of Herédia's daughter, Henri de Régnier's wife, one would perhaps hear more of her literature. Not that she is outclassed by her surroundings. But a certain well-meaning reserve makes many of her admirers shy of praising a talent so closely associated by birth, and by election, with some of the best in modern French poetry. Shall I venture to say, however, that if you open her volume of Poems (in Grasset's Cahiers Verts) with the joyful anticipation justified by an old acquaintance with them, you will re-open its pages on the slightest provocation. There is something of the "Portuguese Nun" spirit, and also of the pensive intensity of Elizabeth Barrett, in her early love poetry. Italy and the East are breathing in other pages. But hers, especially hers, is the deeper note of maternity, maturity, and full womanhood, neither timorous nor clamorous.

Lovers of polemics, students of the inner life and strife of France, if they like a *man*, not necessarily a gentle man, will find in "La Grande Peur des Bien Pensants," by George Bernanos, more than pleasure and instruction. They will find two *men*, the author and Edouard Drumont. I am far from sharing their hatreds. But in what the one loved and the other reveres, none can now refuse to share. And there are some pages of history (see the chapter "Maréchal Gribouille") that read like a first-class satire and comedy.

By the way, I am not sure that the most lasting result of Charlie Chaplin's visit—diplomatic lunches and all—will not be Philippe Soupault's tale or rather poem in praise of Charlot (Plon).

Nothing can be more daring and dramatic in its quiet, quaint, fifty-year-old way than the last work of Paul Bourget, the G. O. M. of French novelists ("La Rechute," Plon). His manner of writing has nothing to hope from the verdict of contemporary fashions and nothing to fear from the future. His way of stating the acutest problems of life is as effective as the modernist's and less offensive. Andrée Rémonde's daughter falls in love with Pierre Thérade, the young aviator. But Pierre's father was Andrée's lover, never seen, never met since. Can the *Relapse* be averted? At what price? A cable from New York relates the loss of Pierre's monoplane in the East Atlantic.

Younger by a generation and more concerned with the realities of everyday life, Charles Silvestre is the novelist of rural Limousin. One of his books, "Prodiges du Cœur," was a great success (Femina Prize). Another, *Jean Pradeau* is a great book. In "Monsieur Terral," something of Balzac's towering strength is reappearing. Terral is a *collectionneur*. His ravaging passion devours everything in and around him. There are naivetés in the enumeration and description of his treasures. There is none in the making of the book.

Were it only for the section: "Wilson; or the Brand New Reed Pipes," "Destin du Siècle," by J. R. Bloch, though merely a reprint of review articles, should be read by those who try, on independent lines, to understand our epoch. Jean Richard Bloch should not be judged by his "Night in Kurdistan." Nor, for the matter of that, by " . . . and Company," a much bigger book. He has been called the great *brasseur des idées courantes* of the after war generation. Not: *brosseur* (duster) but: *brasseur* (brewer). Three years ago I was writing in this same paper: "Nothing from him can ever be indifferent." A rash prophecy, but now justified.

George Pillement is an art critic (Ribera, Gromaire, Pedro Figari), also a frequent translator from the Spanish (Azorin, Baroja, etc.). His "Valencia" (Grasset) bears a significant subtitle: "Entre Deux Rêves." The descriptions are as good as the story. The series of sketches by Jean Louis Vaudoyer published under the title, "D'Athènes à la Havane via Berlin" are much more than their title promises and quite worthy of the author of "Raymonde Mangematin" or "Nuit à l'Hôtel Beaux-Monts." His native Provence will out, in whatever he writes.

It is somewhat late in the day to mention "Dieu, Est-il Français?" by F. Sieburg. It was a nine days' wonder. Now the hubbub has subsided; one feels more at ease to say of this book by a great German journalist that it is also the work of a real artist. Mr. Sieburg seems to be sincerely in love with many aspects of French civilization, but somewhat *agacé* by the mystery of a bedrock autonomy appealing to so many different tastes. Is France, after all, godlike? That is what she seems to feel. But can't she, and can't you all, shake off the insidiousness of her attraction? That is what Mr. Sieburg implies. A faint shade of propaganda in that, together with many compliments. But the rather gross flavor of the German original is somehow much attenuated in the French version, extremely well-written and fully alive.

Peasant and Poet

By Fernand Jouan

"I know somewhere, in the country, a peasant who, sometimes, behind his plough dreams of his innumerable brethren and their unknown life."

IT was Augustin Habaru who, three years ago, revealed the existence (on the boundary of the Ardenne and Lorrain in a little village counting about five score inhabitant) of Francis André. And at the beginning of this very year we were given by Jean Cousseul the name of the hamlet: Frasin.

In the meantime, Francis André had issued a pamphlet in verse, "Poèmes Paysans" (Poems of a Countryman), and critics, novelists, poets expressed their astonishment and admiration. In the booklet we find a poetry we have only heard before in Walt Whitman, a poetry such as his but with different tonal qualities. It has the subtle mark of individuality of a great poet:

Oh, my fellows, my other fellows,
Oh, the woodcutters, the ground-diggers, the vagabonds!
Oh, you who are drinking somewhere in the world,
In the taverns, in the cottages!
Oh, my innumerable fellows
Come! I feel frolicful of love.
Come! I feel down there, thither where the light comes from.
I see rising towards us, down there,
A glass able to quench the thirst of everybody, a huge glass.
Come! We will shatter .our filthy little glasses
And we will drink together in this large glass
Full of clear gin and light
Which has just laid itself on the table of the world.

We must go back about ten years, to the time of 1917, when Jean Cousseul published his first stories, if we wish to meet, at least in Belgium, a literary work comparable to "Poèmes Paysans." Francis André composed his poems on the plain in the face of the sun, while guiding his plough, in the midst of his peasant comrades. And in all his work there is this feeling of brotherhood with the soil and with the peasants who worked with him in the fraternity of labor. For this poet is a peasant, not a gentleman farmer such as Francis Jammet, but a strong chap who attends to forty acres of land, who cuts with his rough ax the knotty oaks which will preserve him and his family from the severity of winter in the Ardennes, a man who every day sees growing his fellowship with the earth upon which he lives. He sings of the plain:

Yes, we are those who have created you the golden plain,
Fine moving, sunny, living plain,
Which flows over from us, which waves and sings.
It is we, our hands, our bodies, our faithful hearts
That have struggled for you, that have watched on you,
That have redeemed you from mist and winter.
You have sprung from us of our love
And the sun which helped us in our endeavors
In order to give you the blood, the breath of life.
Yes, we are those who created you, fine moving plain,
And our pride is a great power before you,
And our songs and our joys which are in you
Are all our joy and our triumph.

The rustic pictures and pastoral melodies are not to be found here. But the people and the animals, the sun, the clouds, the wind, the trees, the woods, and everything which stands out on the horizon of the husbandman wrestling with the soil appear in grave, religious stanzas in which labor, struggle, and mercy are cemented into a credo. The cosmic in André's poetry is rooted deep in the heart of the peasant. He realizes instinctively the universal in what Stephan Zweig calls "the deep law of harmony which each of us must extend between himself and the landscape to wholly understand nature and the world."

Foreign Notes

AFTER a period of depression the book trade in Italy, according to the "Istituto Italiano del Libro," of Florence, seems to be reviving. For the latest year of which statistics are available, 1928, 5,806 books were published in Italy with works on art, archæology, and history leading fiction—over 800 novels were published in 1928. Only 370 scientific works appeared. Poetry and the drama were scantily represented.

Bernard Shaw is writing a new play of which the first draft is two-thirds finished. It is to be a comedy entitled, "Too True to Be Good." According to the author "it will be something of a sermon, with a few of the usual music hall tricks thrown in to make people laugh. There is also a dash or two of Edgar Wallace."

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Points of View

Melville and "White Jacket"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

While doing some research work in the Library of the Navy Department at Washington recently, I uncovered a few matters in regard to Herman Melville which I hope you will print in your columns as I understand there are several biographers at work on lives of Melville.

These matters relate to Melville's novel, "White Jacket," which is by many considered his second best novel. As well known, this novel depicts life in the old navy when Melville was a common sailor in 1843-1844 on the ship which he calls *Neversink*. As further known, this was a fictitious name for the Frigate *United States*.

I examined the muster role of this frigate and found Herman Melville's name No. 572, giving the date and place of his entry on the books of the ship which was August 17, 1843, at Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands. He is registered as an ordinary seaman and set down for a three years' cruise, and his wages marked as settled and paid up to June 30, 1844. He was discharged in the Fall.

Biographers do not seem hitherto to have gone to the muster roll. It was known, however, that Melville entered the navy somewhere in the summer of 1843 in the Hawaiian Islands.

A more important discovery, however, which I made, was the following:

I was curious as to who was the original of the character "Jack Chase," Captain of the Main Top in "White Jacket." I assumed that, like all the other characters in the book, the name was fictitious. Melville lost track of Jack Chase, but he never forgot him and dedicated the very last sea story he wrote shortly before his death to Jack Chase wherever he may be. Jack Chase is the most delightful character Melville drew, and is the hero of "White Jacket." He is now conceived to be a better and nobler character than Cooper's "Long Tom Coffin." To the readers of "White Jacket" I need not recall the traits of the noble Jack Chase, the one man whom Melville very deservedly admired and loved.

To my astonishment, I find that Jack Chase was the top man's real name, and he is registered as No. 513 John J. Chase, top captain, entered July 1, 1843, and mustered August 3, 1843. On the next day he got an increased pay and his name is down for that.

It seems strange to me that none of the authors of lives of Melville were interested enough in trying to identify the originals of the officers, a matter which could easily have been done by going to the Navy Registers for the years 1843-44. I found the names of the originals in the muster roll. Since the book is a picture of real life and an accurate picture of the officers, in spite of Melville's assertion that the personages introduced were not real individuals, we know as a matter of fact that they were. Admiral S. R. Franklin, who was a midshipman on the *United States,* recognized them, but did not state in his memoirs who they were except in one or two instances.

The "Commodore" in "White Jacket" was the Commander of the Pacific squadron in 1843, Captain Thomas ap Catesby Jones, who had been wounded near New Orleans in a naval battle in the War of 1812. He was the father of Catesby Jones, who commanded the *Merrimac* in its battle with the *Monitor*.

"Captain Claret," who was about to flog Melville, and whom Melville wanted to throw, along with himself, overboard, was Captain James Armstrong. Armstrong unfortunately got into disgrace before the opening of the Civil War, when he was in command of the Pensacola Navy Yard, which he surrendered to the Florida authorities when that State seceeded in January 1861. He was suspended for five years.

"Mr. Bridewell," the First Lieutenant, against whom Melville was bitter for having refused to give him some paint for his *White Jacket* to make it more comfortable in passing Cape Horn, was no other than the celebrated Admiral J. L. Lardner, who commanded the Gulf Squadron during part of the Civil War.

"Cadwallader Cuticle," Surgeon of the Fleet, who killed a man while operating upon him (readers will recall that famous Smollett-like scene) was Dr. William Johnson.

Further characters of the book are as follows:

Theodore Barlow, who was the Chaplain; Henry H. Lockwood, who was the Professor of Mathematics; Asa Curtis, who was the gunner, and known as "Old Combustibles"; Lieutenant L. B. Avery, known as "Mad Jack"; and Edward Fitzgerald, the purser.

I do not pretend that the above information is of much value in the way of literary criticism, but the reason Melville has so far not been completely understood (the same is true of Cooper) is that little consideration was taken of him in connection with the traditions of the navy. To write a life of Melville, one must be steeped thoroughly in historical data connected with the navy.

I further examined letter books containing the manuscript letters of the Pacific Squadron, among them being a number by Captains Jones and Armstrong.

The ship arrived at Oahu August 4, 1843, and its itinerary after Melville went on it to the time when the scene in "White Jacket" begins in the early part of 1844 was as follows:

Nekahiva, one of the Marquesan Islands, October 6, 1843; at Tahiti, October 12; then it left and made the voyage covering over 5,000 miles to Valparaiso, which it reached November 21. It arrived at Callao December 14. February 2, it was still at Callao.

Meanwhile, Jones had been relieved of the command of the squadron, and the ship went without him to Boston.

It is not generally known that when Perry returned from Japan he went by way of England on land, and asked Hawthorne, then a consul there, to suggest some one to help him write an account of the expedition. Among the men mentioned by Hawthorne was Melville. Perry turned down the suggestion and took some clergyman instead. The reason for this is no doubt clear.

"White Jacket" is the most radical attack upon the customs of the navy that has ever been published. It not only recommends the abolition of flogging, but also of the twenty articles of war which punished various offenses by death. These articles of war still stand as part of the laws of the United States Navy.

Melville followed the history of the navy throughout his life, and one can imagine his sensations when he read in Civil War days of the fate of his former Captain, Armstrong, and of the career of his former First Lieutenant, Lardner.

I might mention that Lewis Mumford has given us a good, critical interpretation of "White Jacket," but nevertheless in his defective book he has not brought to the reader the smell of the salt water and of the bilge water, and he has not made any historical contact with those old tars and the officers of the old United States Navy with whom Melville served daily.

ALBERT MORDELL.

Philadelphia.

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Jack London

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

As Literary Manager of the Estate of Jack London, 59 West 46th Street, New York City, I am preparing a definitive bibliography of Jack London, which will include letters regarding books, as well as the detailed study of the first editions, uncollected material, biographical and critical data, etc. I should like to communicate with those who possess letters or books which would be of interest in such a bibliography, and remind the owners of any of London's letters that the right to publish belongs to the authors' estate.

The book will extend to almost eight hundred pages; it will be indispensable to the student of London's writings, to the librarian, and to the collector.

HARVEY TAYLOR.

New York.

The Not Impossible Newspaper

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Is there a motive behind the publication of Fabian Franklin's recent article, "A Newspaper Possibility"? If a sufficient number of people get to thinking about a project and to talking about it, very often a mere possibility becomes a reality. Since this idea of a "quality" newspaper is one to which I have given considerable thought at various times, the opportunity to write about it cannot be disregarded. Until Mr. Franklin's article appeared I dared not believe that the possibility could be anything but a remote one. Sometimes we look upon a project as entirely feasible because it is something which we very greatly desire. But the fact that you have published the article proves that it is, in your special estimation, not only more than just a remote possibility but a subject of more than a minimum of interest. So I am wondering if you, knowing that publicity is the foe of indifference, believed that the article might be the means of ascertaining how many people are interested to the point of actually wanting such a newspaper and that perhaps this or subsequent articles might be the means of finding that necessary capital. I realize, of course, that the motive is a disinterested one.

I feel that Mr. Franklin is inclined to be overpessimistic. Is the thought that it is "an experiment which might indeed fail" the product of intuition or merely one of those depressing doubts which, because they enter our consciousness in much the same manner, we mistake for intuition? And if it really is intuition upon what experience in business, particularly in the publishing business, is this insight based? Although he leaves the question open, I had rather he had not mentioned the possible success or failure of the enterprise. It seems to me that it would have been better to be silent regarding the outcome until all the facts are known. For doubts creep in when knowledge is lacking. There is no room for them in a mind full of facts, and the result is then, not doubts, but decisions.

But how are we to acquire the facts? In this highly competitive age, when a manufacturer intends to place a new product on the market he studies, by various means and agencies, the possibility of the ultimate success or failure of his project. The facts which he collects include the sales figures of similar articles or of different articles in a similar field. He studies present and possible future competition, and he also determines what changes in his product will make it appeal to a greater number of people.

It is not the purpose of this letter to even outline the investigation of the market for a new and unusual newspaper. But there are a number of features which have been overlooked; at any rate have not been mentioned by Mr. Franklin. In the first place he has apparently insufficiently considered the trend of the times and the road which the thoughts and feelings of the people are taking. He seems to be more concerned with the effect his *Midday Bulletin* will have upon other newspapers and upon ourselves. If, when "it shows independence and courage and individuality" it tries to preach, and when it is "an actual participant in the fight" it tries to drive us to support its standards instead of trying to win us to them, then truly, "it must be prepared to pay the price of failure." But if it tells us what we should prefer and why we should prefer it instead of exhorting us to believe this and that and to so and so, there is no reason for us to doubt its success just because it has a different policy and a new set of standards. In fact, a newspaper formulated somewhat after the pattern which Mr. Franklin describes would be very likely to be successful for the very reason that its difference would make it stand out from the herd of common publications. I know of one international daily newspaper which owes much to its unusual treatment of the news, and although it is connected with a religious denomination, a great part of its circulation is due to this treatment, to its general make-up, and to its editorial and non-fiction features.

When I spoke of the need to consider the trend of the times I was thinking of something which Professor Einstein said in a recent critique of America. "I am certain," he wrote, "that Americans are beginning to realize that material possessions are not essential to a happy and blessed life." Does this not mean that culture and all that the term implies is finding a place in our consciousness? For what life is truly happy and blessed that does not know the things which discipline the mind and ennoble the spirit? Who is really happy who has not acquired a set of values, who does not know what is preferable, and does not know the significance of what he has and what he does?

Culture is fast becoming the "fashion," and in America, whenever any standard becomes popular, we are quick to feel the need of anything which will help us to achieve that standard. Therefore I would say that the time is near for the conspicuous success of such an undertaking, that there is even now sufficient interest and need to insure, if not an immediate success, at any rate enough to make it self-supporting, which in itself should guarantee an ultimate success.

I wonder if Mr. Franklin's doubts are partly due to what he knows of the status of affairs in magazines of the so-called quality group. Does such a fact as this appall him: that one of our oldest monthly magazines of this group has a circulation of less than 130,000, while a weekly of an almost "tabloid" variety and which has been established less than a decade has a circulation of more than two and a quarter millions? There is one reason for this very great difference which is worthy of consideration. It is the difference in price, and price has its appeal. The consequence of the high price—which is no higher than it should be—keeps one from getting acquainted with the better magazines. There are many who continue to buy once they know its excellence, for the price, in their higher concept of value, has lost the significance it had in the abstract.

We agree that in policies, in make-up, and in contents our newspaper must have a standard of a high order, but the pattern must be one wherein the ideals are supplemented with business sagacity. Newspapers are all rather much alike in the gathering and disseminating of news, and most of them are non-partisan. It is make-up and editorial contents which guide our preferences. Our newspapers must first select whatever is worthwhile retelling and then give to this selected news a furbished treatment, with particular regard to causes and effects. We must restore what Mr. Beazell calls the "old curiosity as to what lies behind and beneath any situation, as to where and how far its implications may run." It must do more than merely reprint the news. Inferences should be drawn, and questions should be raised. We are to appeal to thinking people and to those who have the desire to know how to think.

Does this sound educational? Good! For it is the peoples' growing desire for true education, assimilated in the least effortless manner which should be capitalized. It will do much to insure success. We should include in our newspaper all worth while things and events of cultural significance. In the field of letters I would select only the very best of recent books and magazine articles for reviewing, and I would endeavor to arouse interest in the classics. In art I would call the attention of the reader to the good temporary exhibits and also acquaint them with the best in permanent exhibitions. In the theatre I would champion the superior productions of both stage and motion pictures. In music I would review what has been well-rendered, as I would whatever might be worth while hearing. Like the usual newspapers I would include a radio program, but it would be very brief in comparison. Yes, I would be "highbrow." And I would also be somewhat iconoclastic. I would decry anything which I truly knew was not excellent and say why it is not. This would be the salt for my meat and for further seasoning I would use good humor, some satire, and a little irony.

HERBERT HOWE BUCK.

Bradenton, Florida.

A Blackmore Biography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I am undertaking the collection of materials for a biography of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," etc., and shall be grateful for information that will contribute to a vital portrayal of the man. I shall be especially glad to hear from those who knew him personally, and to have copies of his letters. Should any prefer to submit the letters, I shall have them copied, and return the originals.

WALDO H. DUNN.

704 Buckeye Street,
Wooster, Ohio.

Walter Pater

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I am preparing a study of Walter Pater, and should like to communicate with those who possess letters or documents relating to him.

ANTHONY NETBOY.

2245 Marshall Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

THE HISTORY AND IDEALS OF AMERICAN ART. By EUGENE NEUHAUS. Stanford University Press. 1931. $6.50.

There is doubtless a legitimate demand for an orderly and rather non-committal book such as this on American painting which offers to the reader no difficulty in the way of penetrating critical ideas, nor yet taxes his attention by anything like distinction of style. The ingenuity with which considerable space is often covered by perfunctory biography and characterizations so general as to be quite meaningless, even elicits a certain admiration. Take the note on Asher B. Durand, a robust individuality, and see how it flattens him out.

Careless thinking is throughout as characteristic as the consequently careless writing, being its cause. For example: "The main argument of defenders of present-day modernism is that a new idea in art has always been greeted with hostility; the truth of this contention is beyond dispute, and it would be a waste of ink to argue the point." A reviewer may surely waste enough ink to ask if Giotto's, Masaccio's, Leonardo's, Raphael's, Correggio's, Giorgione's, Rubens's Veronese's, Ribera's, Velasquez's, new ideas, to name only the first that come to mind, were "greeted with hostility." In short, the self-evident truth is good only for a historic imagination that ends about a century ago.

The book has too many disfiguring misprints. The illustrations are numerous, well chosen, and conveniently grouped between the chapters.

Belles Lettres

CAPE COD COLOR. By ARTHUR W. BELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $1.50.

A light-hearted experiment in nature study and local color on the Cape, done with a good deal of charm in a series of very brief essays. Not a book to be taken too seriously but certainly a good companion for anyone who goes to the Cape.

"EDWARD" AND "SVEN I ROSENGORD". By *Archer Taylor*. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

PERSECUTION AND LIBERTY. Essays in Honor of George Lincoln Burr. Century.

Biography

LINCOLN THE POLITICIAN. By DON C. SEITZ. Coward-McCann. 1931. $4.

Mr. Seitz rightly regards Lincoln as not primarily a lawyer, or a reformer, or a genius in statemanship, but an astute practical politician. His success both in becoming a national leader and in guiding the nation through the worst difficulties of its history was founded upon his consummate knowledge of the arts of managing parties and voters. Unfortunately for Mr. Seitz's book, there is nothing novel in this view. Lincoln's political activities were so essentially bound up with every phase of his public career that they cannot be extricated for separate treatment; in writing of them Mr. Seitz simply has to rewrite Lincoln's whole biography following 1840.

There is nothing that is new in this volume, either in facts or in point of view. Indeed, the occasional use of special pleading which stamped Lincoln as a highly dexterous politician in the years 1854-58 is not indicated so clearly here as in Beveridge's second volume, while the account of the Civil War years fails to bring out in sharp relief the extreme and almost ruinous fierceness of the antagonism between the radical and moderate branches of the Republican party. Lincoln had to manage two horses which were savagely biting and kicking one another. His political skill in making them pull together as a team deserves a more penetrating analysis than these pages afford. Though Mr. Seitz's familiarity with this period of American history renders the volume generally correct, it contains some strange blunders indicative of hasty preparation. One is the statement that Colorado—the Centennial State!—was brought into the Union by Lincoln during the war in order to strengthen his party in Congress and the electoral college.

THOMAS B. REED. By WILLIAM A. ROBINSON. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $5.

It is one of the piquancies of politics that the man who was destined to effect a revolution in parliamentary procedure by counting as present members of the House of Representatives who refused to vote on a roll call once vigorously opposed a rule which would have given the Speaker that power. But the lapse of a decade between Reed's opposition to the proposed rule and his determined and successful assumption of the power it would have conferred had convinced him that the abuse of the practice of breaking a quorum by refusing to vote outweighed its advantage as a weapon against majority tyranny.

The story of the dramatic and bitter struggle is told in Professor Robinson's biography with animation, but without bias. The book, indeed, is a demonstration of what is sometimes questioned, the possibility of writing a biography at once sympathetic and impartial. Professor Robinson makes no attempt to gloss over Reed's limitations of temper or of mind: his intense partisanship, shown in the rhetorical question, "Why cannot the Democratic party once in a while at least be middling honest?" and his economics, which was "that of the New England protectionist school." But this clear-eyed perception of faults merely contributes to a picture of a man who, though human, was a very unusual human. Counting as Reed's "greatest concrete achievement" the establishment of "the principle of party responsibility" in the House, Professor Robinson points out how different his fate might have been in a country like Great Britain, where a parliamentary leader naturally becomes Prime Minister. A goodly number of Reed's witticisms are scattered through these pages, but one almost wishes that the author had yielded to the "temptation to extend the list," so vividly does the burly, unkempt but impressive figure live in their drawling syllables.

I AM STILL ALIVE! By *Dick Grace*. Rand-McNally. $2.

Drama

MIRACLE AT VERDUN. By HANS CHLUMBERG. Translated from the German by Julian Leigh. Brentano's. 1931. $2.

Rising easily under the compulsion of an idea which suggests infinite vistas for creative exploration, Hans Chlumberg has slipped off from his point of ecstasy into the sterile unrealization of "Miracle at Verdun." Although in the matter of foreign plays one has always to reckon with the possible distortion of translation, it is apparent enough "Miracle at Verdun" cannot get through that loop-hole. Never does Hans Chlumberg's conception take shape as a satiric or spiritual instrument. The thirteen million dead at Verdun, risen! But for what were they called up? These dead are not great in new wisdom, only self-pitying and conscious of superior wrong. Nor does the spectacle of their vast, miserable army seem to have inspired any perspective in Herr Chlumberg. One senses neither the terrible brevity of man's little time of grace nor the conceivable continuity of the species. Of course Chlumberg in the bitterness of his own experience is concerned only with the last war,—its horror and uselessness, its fresh revelation of hypocrisy and meanness. However, he completely misses the fullfilment of any plan, conveying no personal tragedy nor group failure, expressing no important human grief, making no decisive condemnation.

Fiction

31 FAMILIES UNDER HEAVEN. By GEORGE FINK. Liveright. 1931. $2.50.

This somewhat sentimental story of a poor boy of half-Jewish parentage who loves his mother and preserves a virtuous character, though his sister becomes a prostitute and his brother a criminal, and who adheres to his own class though a family of wealthy bourgeoisie offer to adopt him, has been widely praised abroad for its theme of class conscious proletarian solidarity. Its grim and depressing pictures of the Berlin slums will doubtless be more appreciated by Americans than Michael Gold's more skilful and more devastating portrayal of equally sordid conditions on lower Manhattan.

THE FACE IN THE ABYSS. By A. MERRITT. Liveright. 1931. $2.

This is dull, machine-made romance, a reworking of hackneyed motives and situations. More skill than A. Merritt evidently possesses would have been required to present effectively the stout-hearted hero's trip to the fantastic land of Yu-Atlanchi, his adventure there with the spider men and the snake woman, and his noble love for the highborn Suarra. Our attitude is largely "What of it?" and unfortunately for all concerned we keep remembering the romances of decidedly similar pattern written by H. Rider Haggard. A. Merritt could have learned the necessary lesson of simplicity and force from either "She" or "King Solomon's Mines." In contrast, "The Face in the Abyss" is cluttered and nervous through most of its chapters; rarely are we allowed to go along quietly and lucidly. This author seems to have a less than sufficient imagination for the task in hand, and little sense of what a narrative should be.

THE SUN IN HIS OWN HOUSE. By WARRENE PIPER. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.50.

This novel is the second of what the author calls "a series of sequels, of which the first volume was itself a sequel." This first book, already published and accepted in America (these are all English novels) was "Son of John Winteringham" and it was a sequel to nothing less than "Pride and Prejudice." The situation at the opening of Miss Piper's novel was essentially that of the closing of Miss Austen's. Fitzwilliam Darcy of Pemberley had become John Fitzwilliam Darcy of Caldersham, he had dropped his eighteenth century accent, and his circumstances had been brought into line with contemporary conditions, but he was shouldering his responsibility for having married his wife's sister to a recalcitrant and disreputable man by taking the five orphaned children of the union into his own home.

The second volume, "The Sun in His Own House" (astrologically this refers to a person of active and vital influence on those near him), tells the story of the twenty-first year of Darcy Winteringham's life. He is the oldest of the orphans and despite his fiery temper and his having been a cripple since childhood, he is guide, philosopher, and friend to the large family in which he lives.

The book is, before every thing else, a story of family life. It is written in full detail, leisurely, with time for side trips and conversations and investigations of people met on the way. For all its modern dress, it belongs deliberately to the older tradition when no one saw any necessity for making a good short story, when the everyday life of well-disposed people, with a few not so well-disposed, carried enough importance to be recorded wholeheartedly, and when most difficulties showed a pleasant tendency to arrange themselves with an eye to a satisfactory close.

LITTLE GREEN APPLES. By GEOFFREY. MOSS. Brewer & Warren. 1931. $2.

In the first chapter of this novel, a sort of introduction of his young Oxford hero, Mr. Moss writes: "You have read enough—too much, perhaps—of young girls who, isolated in foreign lands and fearing the struggle for life at home, have chosen the easy way. You have followed their semi-biological discoveries, their emotional regrets. You have seen them (and most pathetically staged), fallen women. Here is the old theme *rechauffée* (and *renversée*, also, if it comes to that). For Little Green Apples, elegant, languid, perched high upon his cubist stool is a product of the moment, a fallen man."

But Mr. Moss has done a little more than he admits here, as perhaps the intelligence of his writing has already warned you. This book is not another one of the "ex" series; it is more from the heart than Mr. Moss's casual *rechauffée* would have us believe. It is in fact a highly intelligent and sympathetic romantic comedy of morals. The characters are types, to be sure—the book makes no pretense of being serious with a capital S— but Mr. Moss has written the story of "Little Green Apples" honestly and with restraint, and he has dealt fairly also with the other figures in his bizarre setting on the Côte d'Azur. In all the welter of bad serious books, a good bright book like this one deserves a place of respect, and deserves reading.

THEY THAT GO DOWN IN SHIPS. By MARGUERITE STEEN. Cosmopolitan. 1931. $2.

This is a historical romance of the sea, laid in England during the last century, and winding up with an imaginative recreation of Trafalgar. The author has evidently spent considerable pains on her research, and packs her story with detail which sounds (and probably is) authentic. Her story proper concerns itself with a boy and girl who grow up together in a seaport town. But the girl goes to London as a naval officer's mistress and becomes a fine lady, while the boy is conscripted by the villainous "press gangs" of the time and has to endure years of wretchedness as a common sailor. They are united spiritually at the end of the book.

(*Continued on next page*)

Good for Summer—and all the year

FESTIVAL
by Struthers Burt

"This is the new age speaking," said the *New York Times* of this striking story of a father and his married daughter whose lives are disturbed by similar emotional problems. Strongly drawn characters, brilliant dialogue, and an absorbing story have made it the author's most popular book.
Fourth large printing. $2.50

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS
by Katharine Fullerton Gerould

An enjoyably sophisticated tale of a girl who wanted just one gleam of the "light that never was" before settling down, and of the man who responded to her mood. Grand entertainment—done with an infectious sparkle and consummate skill. *Second printing.* $2.00

THIS OUR EXILE
by David Burnham

Acclaimed by critics everywhere as an important literary debut of the year. It is the story of a sensitive, highly-bred family's reactions to a death in its midst, and as a whole is a realistic cross-section of a certain phase of American life to-day.
Second printing. $2.50

AMERICAN EARTH
by Erskine Caldwell

The New Republic says: "Erskine Caldwell brings a new quality into American fiction." "He might," says the *New York Sun*, "grow up to be America's Fielding," and the *New York Herald Tribune* calls the people of his stories "the legitimate grandchildren of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn . . . American primitives." $2.50

MANY THOUSANDS GONE by John Peale Bishop

The story from which this volume of long related stories takes its name won the *Scribner's Magazine* $5,000 Prize Contest. With its four companion episodes it forms, says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, a book of "brilliant stories, instinct with truth, alive with imagination." $2.50

SCENES AND PORTRAITS
by Frederic Manning

"These stories and imaginary conversations of famous historical and traditional figures are for those who have a fancy for the delicate wines of literature," says the *New York Sun*. "They are . . . a delightful experience," declares *The Saturday Review of Literature*. $2.50

AXEL'S CASTLE
by Edmund Wilson

"Every one who is interested in the advance guard of modern literature, who would like to understand it and who feels that some valuable aspects of it are eluding him, should be grateful to Mr. Wilson for 'Axel's Castle.' "
—*Boston Transcript.*
Second printing. $2.50

THREE PAIRS OF SILK STOCKINGS
by Panteleimon Romanof

This novel of the life of the educated class under the Soviet is "perfect as a social document or as a novel to beguile an evening. . . . It probes the soul of beaten people."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*
Second printing. $2.50

FOR YOUNGER READERS

SUN UP
by Will James

A collection of stories of the cow camps, including many new stories and illustrations, along with some of the best of Will James's "cowboy" stories. An authentic, interesting book. $2.50

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

BAGATELLE: AND SOME OTHER DIVERSIONS. By GEORGE PREEDY. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.50.

In a prologue Mr. Preedy speaks of the "poignant appeal of those aspects of the past, the decorations of peoples and an age long since gone, which to most appear but a game, a trifle—bagatelle." It is these romantic and decorative aspects of eighteenth century Europe that he sets forth in the eleven short narratives making up this volume. However, there is little depth, and small power to move us. Probably Mr. Preedy would say that he was not attempting depth or power, that he wished merely to present surfaces of brilliant color. Certainly he has accomplished this latter end, for his pages are heavy with the retinues of kings, princes, generals, with palaces and great houses, with armies and courtiers. Jealousy and hatred and lust are the motives, and frustation is the almost universal conclusion. If it all seems a bit thin, a bit tiresome, the fault may be ours, for demanding more substance than Mr. Preedy chooses to give. At any rate, those who felt the sweep and power of his historical novel, "General Crack," published in 1928, will think themselves cheated by the superficiality of these later pieces. Mr. Preedy's work does not seem to be holding to its initial level. A charitable explanation of the decline would be that "Bagatelle" is merely a collection of rashly exhumed juvenilia.

"Bagatelle" also includes a one-act play, a sort of composite morality and *commedia dell' arte*. In no way congruous with the rest of the volume, it is quite without interest on its own account.

THE STORY OF LEONORA. By LADY TROUBRIDGE. King. 1930. $2.

A delicate slender heroine, fair hair in a Langtry knot, blue eyes shaded by dark lashes, an aristocratic hero, scion of a great house, splendid figure in the king's guard in scarlet and plumes, smart broughams rolling smoothly through the park, English gardens with roses and moonlight, great Tudor rooms, and sharp-eyed, wise old dowagers—it is England of the late Victorian years that Lady Troubridge lives over again in this graceful novel. Against the background of smart English society, she tells a story of young love as romantic and touching as that of Richard Feverel and Lucy, and like theirs, destroyed in its first bloom by the arbitrary power of a parent. This is a much more slender story than Meredith's, told more in the sentimental manner of the period about which she writes, but with that same sense of the exquisiteness of beauty and of agony that we all like to believe accompanies first love. Like Meredith's, the story is a judgment on the conventions of the period—conventions which demanded that girls know as little as possible in order to retain their innocent charm, which permitted a minimum of naturalness in the social relations of the sexes, and granted absolute authority to parents. A mother's jealousy slashes her daughter's happiness, the courses of three lives are woefully misdirected, and we watch the years as they roll gently on, gradually numbing the three into a semblance of content. But unlike Meredith this author, instead of rising in bitterness, regards her tragedy with sadness. She seems to be far away, and looking back with tender, even if tear-dimmed eyes. Over all lies the glamor of youth long past.

THE JEWEL. By CLAIRE GOLL. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

This little handbook of horrors purports to be the moving story of an ignorant servant girl who comes to Paris and "finds herself helpless before the sly innuendos of crime and sin that press upon any girl alone in an indifferent city." What the reader actually finds is either a tract or a thriller, depending upon his interests. Social conditions in the servant world are overwhelmingly detailed—the unsavory cells of rooms set aside for them in the apartment houses of the smart bourgeois, employment agencies little better than slave marts, foul public laundries, maternity hospitals, orphan asylums, brothels, morgues. One sees the red-haired, hazel-eyed servant girl taken by a perverted negro, a Levantine pearl merchant (her employer), a hotel valet. One sees and hears her have her baby. One watches her finally as she splashes into the Seine. It is such a story as the little heroine herself would have swooned over in the cinema. The social harangues and the pat philosophic conclusions which follow each episode and hallmark each character, would have salved her conscience for the improper thrills of its close-ups. It may be twentieth century Zola, but it comes through into English with none of that master's verve or freshness.

VALENCIA. By LEON TAHCHEECHEE. Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

A strange city quite incomprehensible to the American, and completely apart from his romantic conceptions. It is true, all the elements that we look for in the typical Spanish story are here: the decaying house of Jenor with its mad countess and its strange frail count—El Greco figures, fantastic and provocative; the lying, passionate gypsies living by the river, singing through the night—figures of a thousand tales; senoritas, a bull fight, a duel. Yet the whole tale is suffused with a foreignness, an apartness, that is hard to define. The people are doubtless actual, the descriptions detailed and authentic. One recognizes mandates of the directorate and the arrival of a foreign prince. Indeed for the curious investigator, "Valencia" would undoubtedly make excellent material. But there is something about the angle of vision that smacks of "Alice in Wonderland."

An American tells the story, an American voluntarily divorced from his own country, a wanderer, enamoured of Spain, and a definite part of the Valencia he has chosen to live in. As a foreigner he should get perspective, but if he has, he fails to retail it to his readers. Like his American prototype in the story, he is a fortune-teller. And the anomaly of an American reading Spaniards' fortunes in their own Valencia, is quite in line with other grotesqueries in the book. It all reads a little mad. It is chaotic as to purpose, unorientated, its characters for a long time confused. Yet it is peculiarly fascinating—like a topsy-turvy city, rising up and surrounding one.

VILLAGE VIRGIN. By DEAN FALES. Dial. 1931. $2.

"Village Virgin" covers the year between the sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays of Shanda Wild, the daughter of a prosperous contractor in a Middle Western town of seven thousand. Shanda is, we must believe, of an incredible beauty, for all the males in town, from high school boys to the minister and the dentist, are in love with her, and she clearly has no attractions other than beauty. She is utterly empty-headed; of the most successful of her admirers we are told "Good God, he discovered with a shock, the affectionate little thing was scarcely a half-wit." She is not even amorous; she enjoys gayety, and the sense of conquest; she enjoys dramatic situations in which she is the heroine, and delights in provoking some man to take a kiss, so that she may afterwards say (and think) that she had to "defend her honor;" she enjoys luxury; but except as they can provide her with these, she cares nothing for men.

Although it contains two or three tragedies, which Shanda's heartlessness and possessiveness cause in the lives of other people, the book, having so shallow a heroine, remains necessarily very slight. It is no doubt intended to be a satire upon the helplessness of man in the face of the merest physical attraction, and there is a quotation from Æschylus which may even be meant to hint that perhaps Hector and Achilles died and Troy was burned for no more than a face like Shanda Wild's; but the satire defeats itself. Shanda's conversation and correspondence are reproduced with such painful fidelity as to make it simply incredible that any man could have wanted more than an hour of her company; witness the fact that when at last she elopes with the richest of her admirers, he decides almost at once that he cannot stand her, and contrives to send her home again. The wonder is only that he was able to endure her for so long.

The book is written in a style that is flippant and sometimes affected. It is mildly amusing, but nothing more.

THE GRASSHOPPERS COME. By DAVID GARNETT. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $2.50.

David Garnett made his literary reputation by a charming archaism in narrative whereby in a style faintly reminiscent of Defoe but done with much literary sophistication he wrote a series of brief stories, all touched with fantasy, that became a literary vogue. In this new volume he has carried out the analogy with Defoe by writing what might be called an aviator's "Robinson Crusoe." The little book begins with a prelude descriptive of the birth of a grasshopper multitude somewhere on the Asiatic plains. It breaks sharply to a straightaway narrative of an airplane voyage from England toward Hong Kong, done like a current short story. Somewhere on the western borders of China the plane crashes and the pilot with an injured foot is left alone to wait for rescue. Then comes the brief "Robinson Crusoe," the aviator's attempt to keep alive in the desert and his ingenious use of the fragments of his plane. With the arrival of the grasshoppers, which save him from starvation, the story rises into the fantasy which always characterizes Garnett's work. Indeed, this episode is as good as any writing that he has ever done. On the whole, however, "The Grasshoppers Come" is less impressive, because less unified in tone, than "Lady Into Fox" or his earlier triumphs. Still it is a fresh and a very readable long short story.

CAPTAIN BLOOD RETURNS. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Houghton Mifflin. 1931.

By the time an author has reached the stage where he can give his books titles like "The Just Men Again" or "Captain Blood Returns," as is the enviable state of Mr. Edgar Wallace and Mr. Rafael Sabatini, there is very little that a reviewer can find to say about him. Everybody must know something about Mr. Sabatini, the author of "Scaramouche" and a score of other historical novels; nearly everybody must know about his Captain Blood, the Irish doctor who was innocently involved in Monmouth's rebellion, was transported, and became a pirate *pour le bon motif*; and nearly everybody must be able to decide from the title whether he wants to read the present book.

To the reader who does not know Mr. Sabatini, however, it may be said that he writes historical novels with an admirable competence, and with a good deal of careful knowledge of his periods (for which there is not much scope in this book, but which appears, for instance, in "Historical Nights' Entertainments"). The general criticism to be made of his books (so far as we have read them) is a want of the fire and bravura which are the essence of the best historical romance, and a want of the heroic. He has no doubt a genuine interest in the past, but his interest is in the fox rather than in the lion. Captain Blood, for all his name and title, is of the line of Odysseus, a guileful mariner, rather than that of Achilles and D'Artagnan. But within its limitations, his work maintains a surprisingly even excellence. He is one of the authors to whom almost every one owes some gratitude, who aim at entertainment, and provide it lavishly.

HARM WULF: A Peasant Chronicle. By HERMAN LONS. Minton, Balch. 1931. $2.50.

This unusual historical novel tells how a peasant village on the Lunenberg heath in northwestern Germany survived the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. Taking refuge in a bog where little by little they build a new village the peasants beat off famine, plague, bandits, and the marauders of both armies until peace lets them go back to their fields.

Foreign

CHAIR DE MA CHAIR. By *Helen Grace Carlisle*. Translated from English by Magdeleine Paz. Paris: Rieder.

History

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; 1806-1810. By A. F. FREMANTLE. Macmillan. 1930. $5.75.

In the unnecessarily modest preface to his study of England during the years 1801-1805, Mr. Fremantle promised that a sequel would be forthcoming if the reception were favorable. Happily the reviews of the earlier work contained little that would discourage even as tentative an adventurer as the author admitted himself to be. With the publication of this book his promise is fulfilled. The new volume carries the narrative from 1806 to 1810. At home the period was one of transition, while abroad it included some of the most exciting thrusts and parries in England's duel with France. Mr. Fremantle argues, with a good deal of justice, that many of the currents which made the nineteenth century a distinctive epoch first became visible during these years. Within eleven months Nelson, Pitt, and Fox died, and their places were taken by other figures who were plainly of the new century. In literature, also, a ferment was working. The *Edinburgh Review* appeared in 1802, and in 1809 the *Quarterly* was started. Romanticism was capturing even such resistant minds as that of the young Byron. Liberal opinion in politics had discarded the red cloak of Jacobinism and donned a mantle more somber and more characteristically English.

It is not, however, in such things that Mr. Fremantle's major interest lies. With the exception of the first two chapters, the book is a political history of five crucial years, and its main theme, the conflict with Napoleon. The story of the successes and failures of British arms is told with clarity and with a fine sense of dramatic values, all within the limits of scientific history. If Mr. Fremantle lacks M. Halévy's philosophical grasp and his ability to weave thought and events into a coherent, significant pattern, he has other qualities that are scarcely less to be desired. His books are to be welcomed as the best, indeed the only, general history of the period on a similar scale. It would be a pity if the series were to stop short of 1815, where the gifted Frenchman takes up his work.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL THOMAS GAGE WITH THE SECRETARIES OF STATE, 1763-1775. Compiled and Edited by CLARENCE EDWIN CARTER. Vol. One. Yale University Press. 1931. $5.

Gen. Thomas Gage, who in 1763 succeeded Amherst as commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America, and who in 1774 was unlucky enough to be given the additional post of governor of Massachusetts, necessarily conducted a large correspondence with the imperial officials—particularly with Lords Hillsborough, Shelburne, and Dartmouth. This handsome volume of some 450 pages is full of material for students of the late colonial period. Many of the hundreds of letters collected from British and American archives deal with the administration of the huge new Western domain wrested from France and with Indian affairs. Still another large group treats of the disturbances growing out of the Stamp Act, while some of the most interesting offer an agonized account of the rapid rise of the revolutionary spirit in Boston in 1774-75. A later volume will present Gage's correspondence with other persons than the secretaries of state, including the colonial governors. When Dr. Carter's well-edited collection is all put in print, there will be little need for ordinary students to visit the monumental collection of Gage Manuscripts recently placed by William L. Clements in his library at the University of Michigan.

Juvenile

BOB AND BABY PONY. By *Cora M. Martin*. Edited by Patty Smith Hill. Scribners. 28 cents.

BROADSIDE: The Game of Naval Strategy. Milton Bradley. 50 cents.

PIGEON CITY. By LEON F. WHITNEY. McBride. 1931. $2.

As an emulsion of information about the breeding and racing of homing pigeons, and their carrying of messages, with some facts about the breeding of fantails and pouters and tumblers thrown in for good measure, this story for boys is beyond criticism. The facts are authentic and are pleasantly set forth; they should interest a boy—and, in one case, they do, to a degree that is embarrassing in a home that has no place for a pigeon loft. As a story, from an adult point of view "Pigeon City" is less effective. Mr. Whitney knows much more about pigeons than he does about putting real boys on paper; he has kept his sense of humor completely in abeyance; and his three young pigeon fanciers triumph every time as easily as the mother of the Swiss Family produces what is wanted from that bag of hers. However, from a juvenile point of view her immortality is all right— so perhaps the goody—woodenness and the infallibility of Bud and Dick and Bill are nothing of any real consequence against "Pigeon City."

Miscellaneous

BY DOG SLED FOR BYRD. By JOHN S. O'BRIEN. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell. 1931. $2.

The emphasis which has been placed upon the mechanization of exploring expeditions through the use of airplanes, steamers, submarines, etc. has overshadowed one of the most picturesque and heroic phases, namely, that of the dogs, by which most of the great polar journeys were accomplished. The use of dogs on the 16,000 mile sledging journey across the Antarctic tableland, when Professor Gould and his companions Crockett, Goodale, O'Brien, Thorne, and Vaughan carried supplies from Little America to the base of the Queen Maud range of mountains, constitutes one of the most dramatic and most successful examples of dog team driving in the annals of polar exploration.

Mr. O'Brien writes clearly. His style is vivid. The reader embarks with these heroes to the far South and is carried along from day to day by the spirit of their adventure. In many of the dog journeys of the last, it was necessary to feed the weaker dogs to their stronger fellows until at last, as in the case of Nansen and Johansen, the

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

P. E., Fair Haven, Vermont, asks for a list of Italian novels in English translation, with a book or two to use as guide, and a list of English novels whose scene is laid in Italy, providing they are true to life.

TAKING them chronologically, we have "The Betrothed" (Macmillan), a good translation of Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," a novel whose immense popularity with Italians convinces me I shall never know anything about the national psychology; Verga's "Cavalleria Rusticana and Other Stories" (Dial), "Maestro Don Gesualdo" (Boni), and "Little Novels of Italy" (Seltzer); Fogazzaro's "The Saint," and "The Sinner" (Putnam), and "Woman" (Lippincott).

There is a new life of the bald eagle of Fiume, "Gabriel the Archangel," by Federico Nardelli, translated by Arthur Livingston (Harcourt, Brace), combining personal history with literary criticism; it is a sort of *chronique scandaleuse*, photographs, titles, and all, but from all this a curiously clear image of the poet appears. We have of his in English "Child of Pleasure," "The Flame of Life," "The Intruder," "Maidens of the Rocks," and "The Triumph of Death," all in the Modern Library; "The Dead City" (Laird); "Giaconda" (Dramatic), and "Francesca da Rimini" (Stokes). Grazia Deledda reached us by way of the Nobel; her "After the Divorce" was published here by Holt in 1905, though I read several of her novels in French between then and 1923, when Macmillan published her "The Mother." Tozzi's "Three Crosses" was published by Moffat, Yard, some time ago; Zuccoli's touching family story, "Things Greater than He," by Holt not long since. Lucatelli's sketches, "Teodoro the Sage," were published by Boni; Borghese's "Rubé" by Harcourt, Brace. The best-seller, Guido da Verona, is represented here by "Life Begins Tomorrow" and "Mimi Bluette," both published by Dutton. Dutton is also the publisher of Pirandello, several volumes of his plays and the novels "The Late Mattia Pascal," "The Old and the New," "Shoot!"—his cinematographic romance—and "The Outcast." Panzini's "Wanted—a Wife" is published by Nicholas Brown; I see he has a book on the psychology of Fashion that seems to be making a stir in France.

I have never been able to find English versions of the poems of Ada Negri, but her "Morning Star" was lately published by Macmillan in a lovely translation; the value of this idyl is double, as a delicate study of adolescent girlhood and as autobiographical material from a poet of the poor. Ettore Schmitz, whose pen name was Italo Svevo, is represented in English by "The Hoax" (Harcourt, Brace) and "Confession of Zeno" (Knopf); and we have also for the moderns Delfino Cinelli's "The Trap" (Day), Antonio Beltramelli's "Piccolo Ponzi" (Dutton), and Orio Vergani's "Poor Nigger" (Bobbs-Merrill) which is based on the life story of Battling Siki, the Senegalese.

From Italian-Americans we have the valuable novel, "The Unbidden Guest," by Silvio Villa (Macmillan), whose introductory chapters give the tradition and history of the Italian background of a man who comes to America in the story, and "The Man without a Necktie," by Erminia Hauser (Dickens), which was written originally in Italian in New York. It is easy enough to get together older novels with Italian settings, such as "Romola," or "The Cloister and the Hearth," or "Daisy Miller," or the Italian scenes from Howells; lately we have had G. B. Stern's "Thunderstorm" (Knopf); Elizabeth's "The Enchanted April" (Doubleday, Doran), which no doubt sent a good many tired Americans hunting for a like locality; a historical novel of Venice, "Swords on the Sea," by Agnes Hewes (Knopf); and a novel of contemporary Venice, "While Gondolas Pass," by Helen Mackay (Appleton) with a girl who has to mother a family, the story moving with a short breath, as indeed hers had to.

There is a new book very helpful to the student of contemporary European literature, "The Modern Italian Novel," by Domenico Vittorini, published by the University of Pennsylvania, where it was first given as lectures, no doubt to the advantage of its appeal to the general reader. It goes from the later nineteenth century almost literally to date; for instance, I was able to find every author on this list in its pages, the more important treated at length. There is an exceptionally good bibliography, whose most practical feature, so far as most American readers is concerned, is that translations are listed; this should ensure its inclusion in public library equipment. Another book of high usefulness is "Modern Continental Playwrights," by Frank Chandler (Harper), which has several chapters on the Italian stage; plays and dramatists are treated something after the fashion of his earlier "Aspects of Modern Drama" (Macmillan), a book I have had occasion to consult for one purpose or another many times in my work. To conclude, there is a combined guide book and reading book, "Italy Yesterday and Today," by A. Marinoni (Macmillan), with many small photographs and much useful information that would fit in well with this reading-list.

I don't say that these are all the Italian novels translated into our language, but I think these are about all that are now easily accessible in this country. Additions will be gladly received and announced, whether of translations or of recent novels with scenes in Italy; we have lately had two that qualify for both—a translation from the French of Stendhal's Italian Tales, "The Abbess of Castro" (Boni), and from the German, of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" (Day), Hanz Heinz Ewers's fearsome tale of a village in Northern Italy.

H. G. Y., New York, asks what foreign opinions of America have appeared in book form since André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace).

AT the moment the one raising our temperature is Georges Duhamel's "America the Menace" (Houghton Mifflin), a work providing one more proof that when a mystic does get angry he gets angrier than anyone else in creation. We are now asking why so gentle and spiritual-minded a writer should have so lost his temper over us; that is, unless we have read his "Possession du Monde," the most beautiful book to come from Europe just after the war and out of warfare, published here in English by the Century Company. That book showed his ideal of life, and no one who held that could be anything but outraged by what seemed to him materialism triumphant. The best reply to it so far has been made by Dr. Max Lieberman of the New Utrecht High School, New York, in "La Vie Intellectuelle"; it is epitomized in Holt's excellent little *Foreign Language News* for May, 1931. "Plato's American Republic," by Douglas Woodruff (Dutton), is sardonic, polished, and irresistibly funny; I see that he is going on with "Plato's Britannia" to come out in August (Putnam); Xantippe, whose career culminated in the earlier work, now spends half her year in America and the friends of Socrates in the new book require of him his experiences and opinions of the English. "Juan in America," by Eric Linklater (Cape-Smith), is the experience of a contemporary descendant of Byron's hero shot into America much as the original Don Juan was tobogganed from one land to another, and hurried from one adventure to another by the simple scheme of involving him in all the front page news of our more provocative dailies. That is, nothing that happens to Juan will be unfamiliar to readers of the American press, but one scarce wonders that Juan grows a bit breathless, getting it, so to speak, all at once. I look for a let-up in books against America; after that check for $3.77 from the sympathetic Cambodians no one else will have the heart to chivy us. And anyway, of any of them one could say, as Dr. Lieberman says to M. Duhamel, "De malheur est que tout votre livre est vrai, et en même temps que tout y est faux."

R. B. S., Long Beach, Cal., asks if it is yet known who wrote "The Story of a Lover," published anonymously by Boni in 1919.

"I THINK it is in order," says Julian Messner, "now for me to tell you that the author was Hutchins Hapgood." *L. J. E., Honesdale, Pa.*, adds to the apparently endless list of novels about doctors, "The Heretic," by J. M. Whitman; "English of course, and good in that English way of the dissimilar Mrs. Harter." *A. M. J. tells me that the club asking for books on the history of music in America* should be told about "Annals of Music in America," an authoritative work published in 1922 by Marshall Jones. Crowell has issued a "Program Outline of American Music" to be used in connection with their "Our American Music," by John Tasker Howard. *A. B. H., Lancaster, O.*, asks for literature for or against "the philosophy of Free Love." The free love movement began in America in the 'thirties and by the 'seventies was at its highest point; the most succinct statement of its principles and place in American thought at the time is to be found in one of the best biographies of a woman yet produced in America, Emanie Sachs's "The Terrible Siren; Victoria Woodhull" (Harper). The term "free love" belongs to this time and place; for a statement of views approximating these in our own time, see Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage" (Putnam). Mrs. Sachs's book is a compendium of the incredible seventies. *The name of the novel by Robert Hichens, "The Unearthly,"* continued for days to come in under various titles and from every corner of the country, or so it seemed; more than once it was called "The Miracle Man," once "The Master," once it was credited to A. S. M. Hutchinson, once the reader remembered only that is was "in a popular home magazine, with huge and shadowy illustrations, very moist-eyed, old-maidish stuff." The point of all this is that so many people remembered enough of the novel to have a fairly strong impression of it; clearly there must have been something about that novel even if one reader did say "why anyone should struggle to recall it passeth my understanding." I see that there is to be another novel of Robert Hichens: in October Doubleday, Doran, publishes "The First Lady Brandon," which they call "the outstanding novel of his notable career."

E. R. N., Stamford, Conn., says "something in the vicinity of my solar plexus simply turned over when I read 'The sow came in with the saddle?' . . . I can't even remember who used to trot me and sing it, but it belongs with 'Pillikin, Williken, Winky Wee' and 'Felix and Mary Ann'—so it must have been Mother. Thank you for printing it and for the promise of a volume of that good old stuff." Publishers take notice; this reader runs an important bookstore.

G. H., Montreal, Canda, asks if there is a syllabus on European history prepared by an American university or publishing house, listing standard works by period and country.

A COUNSEL of perfection in this matter is to consult the new "Guide to Historical Literature," edited by William Henry Allison, Sidney Bradshaw Fay, Augustus Hunt Shearer, and Henry Robinson Shipman, and published by Macmillan for $10.50; this has more than one thousand and two hundred pages of carefully arranged data by which one may find any book of value to the student of the history of any period from ancient times to our own day. The list of contributors is long and dazzling, and the book will be at once taken into the equipment of libraries to which students resort. The syllabus to which this reader refers is probably the "Study Manual of European History," published by the University of Chicago for ninety cents; I keep it at hand and often refer to it. This inquirer would also like to know the latest edition of my "Reader's Guide Book"; this has been reprinted but not changed save to add an index; it may interest readers of this column to hear that I have taken the plunge into the second volume of this work, which is now seething around me in manuscript.

IT looks as if we would have to establish a special column for books loved and lost; *D. N. I., Milton, Wis.*, asks for a story of the Civil War called "Si Clegg and Shorty," though these may be only the names of the leading characters, and *G. H. P., Los Angeles, Cal.*, one of the identifiers of the Hichens novel (which, to add to the diversity of answers, is assigned to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*), asks for a serial that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* maybe as far back as 1918, in which a cobbler who has found out an embalming fluid of singular efficiency, uses it on the body of a friend whose son comes to visit it in an underground passage back of his shop, and afterwards in a waxwork show where it is placed; surely this ought to bring back the book to any one who read it, but I am further told that the boy's name is Miad Blake.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

exhausted travelers arrived at their winter camp with their team concentrated in the wild-eyed and exhausted form of a single survivor, who, in turn, gave himself up to prolong the life of his masters.

This book describes a great sled journey in which dogs were not sacrificed because of insufficient or impossible commissary preparations. The story also carries interesting and valuable data as to the detailed equipment and its use in polar sledge work. It is illustrated by a series of the very finest dog pictures and camp pictures we have ever seen. As a record of a successful polar journey, the book deserves a lasting place in the annals of exploration.

A TREATISE OF COMMERCE. By JOHN WHEELER, Secretary of the Society of Merchants Adventurers of England, 1601. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by GEORGE BURTON HOTCHKISS. New York University Press. 1931.

This volume is one of the New York University Centennial Series. It contains a facsimile reproduction of the "Treatise" of John Wheeler, which was printed in two editions in 1601 and has never since been reprinted in full. For the greater comfort of twentieth century readers the facsimile is followed by the same text set in modern type, with partly modernized spelling, and with copious and valuable annotations by Professor Hotchkiss. The usefulness of the work is further increased by a scholarly introduction setting forth the part played by the Merchants Adventurers in the development of England's foreign trade and describing the conditions which led to the publication of Wheeler's book. This work is interesting both because of the light it sheds on the merchandizing methods of the Elizabethan period and because it appears to be the first attempt to employ what we now call publicity methods to promote the interests of a business organization.

LIFE IN LONDON'S GREAT PRISONS. By T. WHYTE MOUNTAIN. London: Methuen. 1930. $5.

A comparison of this little book with the prize essays on prison conditions recently submitted by prisoners in New York's eighteen penal institutions will interest all students of penology, and will also satisfy the ordinary citizen's natural curiosity as to how our prisoners are treated. Mr. Whyte Mountain gives a plain and unvarnished narrative of his experience while serving a sentence in an English prison; and the fact that it is marked neither by sensationalism nor by striving for literary effect is a distinct asset. The detailed accuracy of the account can be amply vouched for; and the complete absence of rancor or rebellion is notable.

Such criticisms as the author makes in reference rather to the treatment of accused persons under remand than to actual prison discipline, seems fair and reasonable. Touches of humor are not wanting. It is not surprising that this unpretentious volume has had an unusually good press in England. It is substantially a testimony that the ordinary English prison is no longer a purely punitive institution, but is largely, if not mainly, concerned with a desire to improve the character and outlook of its temporary inmates.

Travel

MEET THE SPANIARDS. By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS. Lippincott. 1931. $3.

Mr. Phillips has written a conscientious record of his first visit to Spain, which will probably be of interest, and may be of practical use, to other first visitors. The chief feeling left with the general reader will be regret that such a book should have so little to offer, should say so little that is worth saying about Spain and the Spaniards, and that precisely at this time. It is a mildly amusing coincidence that, in this book of 1931, the reviewer reads, "the Spanish people without a king are unthinkable." But in the nature of things the author's judgments are superficial, and he has yielded too often to the temptation to generalize, frequently on insufficient knowledge. He went to Spain knowing practically nothing of its language, and apparently little of its people or its history. He has written a book of impressions as naive as it is painstaking, which has to recommend it the zest and kindliness of his enjoyment, and thirty-four charming photographs. "Meet the Spaniards" may serve the purpose of encouraging casual travelers to visit Spain, and helping genially to guide their travels.

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Children's Books in Italy

By LEONILDA I. SANSONE

FULLY appreciating the fact that other countries, especially the United States and Germany are far ahead of them in the field of children's literature, the Fascisti, having put to order the various political and social problems and installed a practical and modern system of education, are now turning their attention to better books for children! The State has encouraged and assisted in many ways the literary development as well as the format of the books.

Literature for children as it is known in America is an entirely new field in Italy. The difficulty of finding suitable writers soon presented itself, as did the problem of discouraging those adult authors who thought to turn their pens from novel writing to simple tales for children. With the new educational system came the "Libro dello Stato" for use in the primary grades of all the schools in Italy. Published by the Libreria della Stato, it is under the direct control and supervision of the Fascist State. It is an excellent production and one of the best means of instilling Italian unity into the minds of the school children.

The State took the initiative in the Children's Book Movement and has published "I Grandi Navigatori Italiani," written by Giuseppe Fanciulli and illustrated by Tumiati.

What say the waves beating upon the coast of Italy?
Dare! Dare! Dare!

It begins with the sea and ends with the sea; it begins with the first voyage around Africa and ends with the Cabots in Newfoundland. The glories of that glamorous age of adventure on the high seas; the difficulties of exploration in those early days; names and deeds revealing new worlds to every child's mind; all, pictured briefly and vividly, leave us with the desire for more unknown lands to explore. The illustrations are daring and colorful. Instead of the usual fervent Columbus kneeling on the *terra ferma* of the island he believed to be India, behold him standing squarely and haughtily, one hand holding the flag of Spain, the other boldly on his hip. The Red Indian usually shown lurking behind the trees has entirely disappeared.

A picturesque and more dainty book is the second publication of the Libreria dello Stato, "Canzoncine Italiane," a collection of folk songs known to the children of the various regions of Italy. It is charming, with its words set to music and its delicate illustrations. But the Libreria della Stato is not the only publisher that has produced good children's books within the last few years. Paravia of Turin is making great strides to improve his output; Bemporad of Florence, having lived too long upon the reputation of the elegant "Pinocchio," has begun to look around for new writers. The Società Editrice Internazionale of Turin offered a prize of 10,000 lire for the best children's book for 1930, and of the ninety-eight manuscripts submitted the committee had difficulty in choosing the best seven, and from these the winner. The prize was awarded to Milly Dandolo for her "Cuore in Cammino." Executed in a neat, poetic style this is a noble book deserving a high place among the few outstanding masterpieces of Italian children's literature.

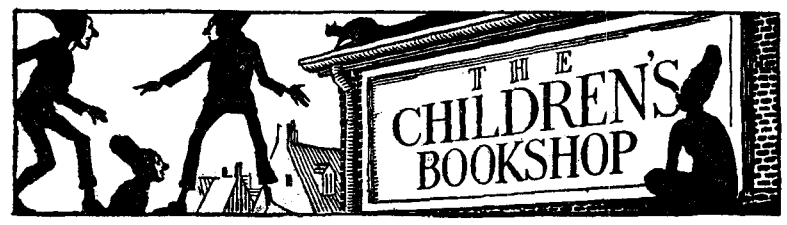
"Luccino il Mozzo" is the title of Berto Bertu's story of life on a houseboat. It opens with the famous poem, "Marriage to the sea," with which the Venetian Doges inaugurated their reign, and ends with Foggazzaro's earnest prayer to the Italian sailor. It is a pity that the illustrations are neither clear nor appropriate.

A collection of happy fairy tales, "Testallegra," by T. M. Manzella, is written in very good taste and is full of the joy of living, with no impossible adventures nor fearful complications. Legends of saints that have become traditional have been carefully gathered and written for both children and adults in "Trenta Leggende d'Oro," by A. Colombo. The book is spiritual in feeling with exquisite illustrations that are in perfect accord with the text.

Sperling and Kupfer of Milan are introducing contemporary German literature to the Italian readers. They have recently published the Italian translation of "Quando Gesú Era Piccolo" from the German of Maria Mayer, a charming book of poetic legends about the Christ child, with delicate pastels. Isidora Newman's "Nel Regno dei Fiori" is a well known volume of fairy tales taken from the German.

Bemporad has done a good thing with "Storia di Dr. Dolittle," so much loved by English and American children that one wonders why it had not been translated before. Dr. Prezzolini of Columbia University has just completed the translation of Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," and recently an excellent edition of Kipling's "Kim" was published by Corticelli.

The Lampada is a set of six small books for children beautifully illustrated by Pinochi. They are fairy tales told in the manner of our grandmothers by such famous men as Beltramelli, beloved for his "Piccolo Pomi," and that old enchanter Luigi Capuana. Of special interest to libraries is the revised edition of the "Children's Encyclopedia," recently taken over by Mondadori and greatly improved. It is the most complete, the most practical, and the most useful reference book of its kind for Italian children.



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

SEPPALA, Alaskan Dog Driver. By ELIZABETH M. RICKER. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $3 net.

DERRY OF TOTEM CREEK. By HUBERT EVANS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $2.

FISHERMAN 28. By JACK CALVIN. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1930. $2.

FROZEN IN. By CLARKE CRICHTON, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOHN J. UNDERWOOD
Author of "Alaska, An Empire in the Making"

SO many epics of the great North have gone unsung that it is delightful to have one of the old guard relate his experiences during the fabulous days of the Klondike rush. This, Leonard Seppala has done in a volume that is partly biography and partly autobiography. Elizabeth M. Ricker is jointly responsible for this fascinating set of tales about one of the best known of the members of the famous Arctic Brotherhood.

One after another of the famous characters of those early, colorful days of the gold rush live again in Seppala's pages. Human interest stories shift from Tex Rickard's saloon, "The Northern," where gambling was "all straight," out to the creeks where claim jumpers were surreptitiously—and vigorously—dealt with. To be alone and hundreds of miles from a settlement with an insane man trying to kill you is a thrilling thing, and then to witness the taking of the record pan of gold, three thousand dollars in one shovelful (the highest ever taken in Alaska), is another. The book is full of drama from beginning to end, but Seppala is at his best when writing of dogs. When the stricken city of Nome must have diphtheria serum, it was Seppala, the dog racer, and not Seppala the miner, who was intrusted the desperate task of fetching it. Of that race the whole world knows; the heroic dogs and their gallant driver were in the headlines in every newspaper in the civilized world, but for Seppala it may as well have been the ignominy of defeat, for Balto, a scrub dog with little or no record, was made the "newspaper" hero of the event, while Togo, the real hero, went unrecognized.

"Derry of Totem Creek" is the story of an airedale by one who understands and loves dogs. When the story opens, he and his master, Ed Sibley, partners in fair weather and foul, are in Vancouver and down on their luck. Then the master is offered a job as caretaker of a large game preserve surrounding an abandoned Indian village on the upper British Columbia coast. Before he left Vancouver, however, Ed had been warned that he would meet with trouble in carrying out his employer's orders, and indeed, he had little more than landed when the warnings began to come true.

While the book tells a good story, there is much more to it than just that; it abounds in nature lore and there is much that bespeaks an intimate acquaintance with the deep, green woods of the northwest country, while a high and abiding affection, again, for man's best friend is reflected in every chapter.

Few writers can depict Alaska in a manner satisfactory to those who know and appreciate the great Northland. Rex Beach and Barrett Willoughby did it, and now the shadow of another writer as a possible successor looms on the horizon. It is that of Jack Calvin, who in "Fisherman 28" has written a salty tale that rings true of the present Alaska.

Bert Lindsay knows there is mischief brewing when he sails for his father's company on the four-masted bark *Queen of Asia*, bound from San Francisco to the great salmon fisheries at Nushagak. As he pursues his mission, plots and counter plots ripen, nets are corked, sails are split, and more and more people become involved.

In all the annals of big business there is nothing more dramatic than the salmon-canning industry; from the beginning of the short season of the "run" it is a drama in which only strong, rugged men may play a part. Jack Calvin carries conviction in his handling of this story. The illustrations are unusually artistic and well done. Parenthetically, the writer of this review spent part of last summer in the Nushagak country and found there some of the best trout fishing streams in America.

The ominous phrase "frozen in" might spell tragedy for some people, but to Clarke Crichton, Jr., it spelled romance. Clark was cabin boy on the famous schooner *Nanuk*, which sailed from Seattle to North Cape, there to engage in fur trading. He tells about walrus hunts, whales, polar bears, life aboard a trading schooner, and draws interesting and colorful pictures of the small Russian villages, where his ship stopped en route to secure the necessary permission from the Russian government to carry on the fur trading business. All went well during the pleasant Arctic summer, but before the million dollar fur cargo was stowed away the ice began to form and almost over night became so thick there was no hope of getting the little ship out. Men of the North are noted for making the best of bad situations, and this is exactly what everyone on the *Nanuk* did. Thus far the story might be just the repetition of many such stories and Clarke would settle down to spend the winter on the boat. But such is not the case, and there is further advanture in store for him as the airplane, so identified with the modern Alaska, enters, and the gritty men, the lad, and Marion Swenson, the one girl on board, face the prospect of going "outside" by this means.

On the next trip to the Nanuk, Colonel Ben Eielson and Earl Borland, two of the most gallant men the North has ever known were lost. Clarke pays his tribute to them in a frank, boyish style.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS: DRAGON HUNTER. By FITZHUGH GREEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

MR. FITZHUGH GREEN has the right idea in choosing subjects for his books for boys. He thinks that the story of a living hero is much more worth while than a blood and thunder story of adventure which never happened and usually could not happen. He is especially fond of writing about explorers. He has taken his readers with Admiral Peary to one pole and with Commander Byrd to the other. He has told them about Martin Johnson, who hunts lions with a camera, and Captain Bartlett, who almost makes his ships travel on the ice. All these are men whom it is well worth while for boys to read about. Roy Chapman Andrews, whom Mr. Green calls a dragon hunter, is a worthy addition to this list.

Mr. Andrews's early adventures are passed over somewhat briefly, and the rest of the book is devoted to his expeditions to China and the neighboring deserts in search of relics of ancient man. Naturally the greater space is devoted to adventures, but along with this there is much scientific information. In fact, the author makes a great effort to reconstruct the far distant geological past. It will be remembered that Mr. Andrews's expeditions were much more successful in finding eggs and bones of ancient dinosaurs than in finding traces of early man. Therefore the dinosaurs, or dragons, as Mr. Green calls them, occupy an important place in this book, but they do not crowd out the explorers and the natives.

While the book is admirable in purpose and plan it does not quite accomplish its purpose. I found that my ten-year-old boy was interested in it, but did not find in it anything like the charm of "Tom Sawyer," which he was reading at the same time. The trouble lies partly in the fact that the author strives so hard to produce an effect that he ceases to be natural. He tells how great a man is Roy Andrews, how wonderful were his adventures, and how marvelous were the dragons. It would be better to tell the facts in such a way that they speak for themselves. Sometimes, too, Mr. Green's English is a little careless. Moreover, in a few instances, such as the dates of the dinosaurs and the description of how their bones and eggs were petrified, a greater degree of scientific accuracy would be desirable.

Personally, I wish that the author spoke of his subject as "Mr. Andrews" instead of "Roy," but doubtless I am old-fashioned. Nevertheless, the book is good and is to be recommended far above a great many stories of adventure.

THE BOY SCOUTS' BOOK OF TRUE ADVENTURE. By Fourteen Honorary Scouts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by MITCHELL CHARNLEY

YOU might legitimately assume, after reading this book, that the "fourteen honorary scouts" who contributed to it had been chosen for their literary achievements rather than for doing a good deed a day. They have told their tales of adventure in a stirring, unvarnished style that turns the compilation from just-another-book into an honest contribution to the boy literature of the year.

It's old stuff to say that the best writing is the simplest. But if you want convincing evidence of it, you'll find it here. These men—Orville Wright, Donald MacMillan, Meriam Cooper, Lincoln Ellsworth—are scientists, explorers, men of action. They have put down their stories in so direct, straightforward a manner as to make you want more—a manner that makes more colorful and compelling than could the most Masefieldian style the yarns they have to tell.

Among all the tales, Lindbergh's is perhaps the least effective. But for good reason. His story, telling of a flight over the Caribbean Sea, is nothing more than a newspaper dispatch, "selected" by the flier as his contribution to the book. Byrd's tale of his trans-Atlantic flight, Ellsworth's of the voyage of the *Norge* from Spitzbergen to Nome, Wright's of the first successful airplane flight (a tale differing, incidentally, in many minor particulars from those previously told by the Wrights), all profit by comparison.

The book covers a lot of ground, from airplane to Indians, from Asiatic hunting with the Roosevelts to Arctic shipwreck with Bob Bartlett. For any boy, whatever his age, it will make adventure in these civilized times not only a reality, but a very stirring and understandable reality.

THE ASTONISHING ANTS. By JULIE CLOSSON KENLY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEVERLY KUNKEL
Lafayette College

TO one who is not familiar with the scientific literature pertaining to the ants, the present volume will seem as highly imaginative as the stories of fairies and goblins which prove so universally appealing to children. As a matter of fact, the habits and actions of the ants are described accurately in this delightful book and from a point of view which is quite novel—that of the ant itself as it looks out on the world. The perspective of the ant is preserved.

Antland is a wonderful place to visit, and no child or his parents can venture far into it without being as greatly astonished as was Alice in Wonderland. The book ought to produce a goodly number of myrmecophiles among its youthful readers.

The book is illustrated with fascinating wood cuts showing close-up views of the ants and their surroundings which have the appearance of illustrations of "Gulliver's Travels."

WHAT'LL YOU DO WHEN YOU GROW UP? By BERTA and ELMER HADEN. Longmans, Green. 1931.

A gay little book for the very young man, with bright-hued illustrations depicting practitioners of all professions from policeman and baker to judge and President. The book has jingles lively, if not always melodious, to elucidate its pictures.

The John Newberry Medal for the best children's book of the year was last week awarded to Elizabeth Coatsworth for her "The Cat Who Went to Heaven." The medal, bestowed annually was established by Frederic G. Melches of the *Publishers' Weekly* in honor of Sir John Newberry, one of the first publishers to recognize the importance of books for children. Miss Coatsworth has written several other books for children, as well as three volumes of adult poetry.

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British Museum Catalogue

BRITISH MUSEUM. General Catalogue of Printed Books. Volume 1, A-Aeg. London: William Cloves & Sons, Limited. 1931.

Reviewed by H. W. LYDENBERG
New York Public Library

IS the glory of the British Museum library its books, its catalogue, its staff?

Earnest advocates of each would not be hard to find. The staff includes scholars of distinction in the classics, palæography, the graphic arts, linguistics, and many other fields of scholarship. The present Director, Dr. George Francis Hill, speaks with authority on Greek history and numismatics. His predecessor, Sir Frederick Kenyon, was versatile enough to edit the newly discovered manuscript of Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens (1891) and the letters and poetical works of the Brownings. Other instances come readily to mind.

In mere counting of the number of books the Museum library and the French Bibliothèque Nationale run a pretty rivalry. Which is the larger depends partly on the definition of what constitutes a book and partly on how the counting is done. But in choiceness and comprehensiveness of selection of its books the Museums stands in a class by itself. Here and there one may find a library with a larger or more important collection on this subject or that, but nowhere will one find a larger general collection, with all subjects, all authors, all ages, all countries, all editions so well represented as in that pile in old Bloomsbury.

Without a catalogue, however, what good would books be, and what use could the staff put them to, no matter how scholarly and learned that staff might be? Few students have used any Museum books within the past generation who would not gladly stand up and call the library blessed for setting before them that stolid, unemotional, reliable, matter-of-fact record of the printed resources it puts at their command.

For those who care for that sort of thing it is a fascinating story to think back over the struggles about the problem of cataloguing such a collection as the Museum. It might need a bit of patience, to be sure, but doubtless would not be impossible, to find today a reader who recalled the combination of manuscript and printed catalogues that had to be consulted before the printing began in 1880 of what most of us now know as "the" catalogue of the Museum. By that date there were over two thousand volumes in the manuscript register of printed books. And in addition the reader had to dip into the five volume catalogue of the library of George III, presented to the nation in 1823 by his loving eldest son, and also into the three volumes prepared by Payne and Foss recording the library of Thomas Grenville bequeathed in 1846. Once one had consulted these three alphabets he might be comfortably sure he had learned what the Museum had by or about the man he was looking for. In 1841 Panizzi had brought out, against his better judgment, volume 1 of a printed catalogue the trustees had instructed him to prepare. This covered the letter A, and it was Panizzi's contention that to print a catalogue of such a collection as each letter of the alphabet was finished was foolish and impossible. This single volume demonstrated the correctness of his position, and for nearly forty years to come readers had to use the ponderous manuscript volumes and to pray for length of life to await the hoped for printed record.

When this finally began to appear in the early 'eighties the alphabet opened in bloodless and unemotional fashion with "a method of raising hops in red bogs," and continued letter by letter for two decades till the roll was closed with J. Zz's "the genuine . . . will of a clergyman lately deceased; whose son now deservedly possesses one of the highest stations in the church; containing his remarkable apology for adultery." A second alphabet began in a set of supplementary volumes running from 1900 to 1905.

And there the record stopped. But the years that followed the closing of the first alphabet witnessed an amazing growth of libraries throughout the world, an unprecedented use of the library in college and university life, and a constantly increasing demand for the Museum catalogue. It went out of print in 1909. In itself it had a unique value in the world of scholarship; it attained a scarcity value as the supply vanished and the demand increased year by year. The younger generation of instructors found themselves in institutions demanding research on their part but unable to put at their command one of the fundamental tools of research. It was not long before these insistent voices stormed at their librarians, "Well, if you can't buy a set of the Museum catalogue, why don't you get the Museum to reprint it and bring it up to date? Heaven knows there are enough errors to justify reprinting and enough important books published in the last quarter century to call for inclusion in such a record!"

By dint of much dripping the stone was finally worn into. Though the World War left the Museum in straitened circumstances for administration and for purchase of books, and though the British nation had little money to spend on anything but necessities, Sir Frederick Kenyon, Director of the British Museum, announced in 1928 that the Museum was prepared to begin preparation of a new edition of the catalogue if sufficient subscribers were enrolled to justify the expense. Estimating an edition of about 500 copies he felt at least 200 should be taken by the United States and Canada.

When this news reached this country the Bibliographical Society of America, which had long been urging reprinting, now realized it had an opportunity to support its pleas by action. By 1930 results were so encouraging that the Museum decided to begin work on revision and preparation of copy even though the canon was not wholly completed.

And now the result lies before all who care for the world of books, a folio volume of over 500 pages, two columns of the same measure and general appearance as the original catalogue, printed on paper of strong and tough fibre that bids fair to withstand the constant handling and rubbing it must experience each time it is taken between fingers of readers. The work has lost some of the peculiarities that made the user of the earlier record keep constantly on his guard; i and j, u and v, for instance, are no longer counted as one letter. But on the whole it has a delightfully familiar sound when one turns to it for help.

The Introduction to volume one was signed by W. A. Marsden, Keeper of Printed Books, last November, and tells the earlier history of the manuscript and printed catalogues, an accurate and reliable, if somewhat impersonal statement. A few there be who would have rejoiced to see a more detailed valuation of the work of Sir Henry Ellis and the Rev. Henry Baber and John Winter Jones and Thomas Watts and Richard Garnet and George K. Fortescue and Alfred Pollard, and the goodly army of overlooked workers whose efforts are accepted by users of the catalogue as spontaneous productions, so naturally brought forth as to require and deserve no commendation. The few who know better carry little weight, speak with voices of slight penetration and volume, and perhaps it is better so. Certainly those who follow them in the humble ranks of cataloguers give them fullest praise.

THE recent celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Massachusetts as a self-governing commonwealth has provided the occasion for an exhibition which was opened in the Main Exhibition Room of the New York Public Library on June 11th. The tercentenary has also afforded an opportunity to display a selection of books and other material drawn from the Library's notable collection of Americana.

Following the illustrious example of the Reverend Thomas Prince, one of the early historians of New England, who began his "Chronological History of New England" with the Creation, the exhibition takes the discovery of America in 1492 as its starting point. It has therefore been possible to indicate the interest of England in the discovery of the New World, the part she played in the sixteenth century voyages of exploration, and some of the causes and motives for the great Puritan emigration to New England; it has also enabled the Library to display some of its great treasures, many of which visitors seldom have an opportunity of seeing.

There has been no attempt to tell the detailed story of the founding of Massachusetts. The purpose has been to present some of the important original sources for the history of the Massachusetts Bay colony, in other words, to show the raw materials of the modern historian.

All of the books shown are of considerable historical importance; many of are of extraordinary interest for the hi of printing in the United States; som them are rarities, famous all over the world of books and bibliographers, because so few copies have survived the years and the enemies of books. With perhaps half a dozen exceptions, all the books and tracts displayed were printed before 1800, and nearly three-quarters of them before 1650.

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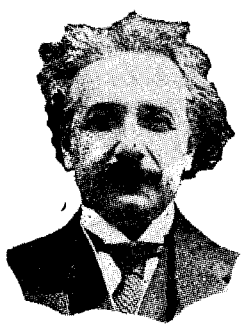

. . . Unroubled by isolation, ALBERT EINSTEIN *returns to the God of* SPINOZA. . . .

In the first chapter of *Living Philosophies*—a series of intimate credos by twenty-two representative modern thinkers—ALBERT EINSTEIN has set down, with uninhibited candor, his innermost hopes and fears on first and last things.

It is an amazing human document, so pithy, so stimulating, so uncompromisingly honest and self-revealing, that no less a person than GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has called it one of the most significant utterances of our time.

EINSTEIN speaks frankly of his vague aloofness and loneliness: "*Such isolation is sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut off from the sympathy and understanding of other men. I lose something by it, to be sure, but I am compensated for it by being independent of the customs, opinions, and prejudices of others, and am not tempted to rest my peace of mind on such shifting foundations.*"

Mere "comfort or happiness" does not appeal to Einstein: "a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle."

This fragment from ALBERT EINSTEIN's credo indicates the range and temper of the twenty-two "spiritual last wills and testaments" which make up the volume of *Living Philosophies*, the remaining contributors—equally honest in their self-portraits and philosophical confessions—being such persons as JOHN DEWEY, BERTRAND RUSSELL, H. G. WELLS, IRVING BABBITT, ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN, SIR JAMES JEANS, and fifteen others, similarly representative and similarly distinguished.

Living Philosophies was originally scheduled as a $5.00 book. . . . *Sub specie aeternitatis*, the Einstein chapter alone is beyond price. Its selection as the July choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club enables *The Inner Sanctum* to offer *Living Philosophies* at $2.50 instead of $5.00. The craftsmanship used in the design and manufacturing of the book are worthy of its magnificent contents. Twenty-two full page portraits of the noted contributors and a full set of biographical notes are contained in the book. In dimensions and format, it matches *The Story of Philosophy*, just as in content it begins where WILL DURANT left off—except that here the chapters are *by*, as well as *about*, the philosophers themselves.

In the opinion of *The Inner Sanctum*, this first edition of *Living Philosophies* is a pearl of great price—a "must" item for lovers of wisdom. It is the highest type of "*first*"—by the first minds and loftiest spirits of our age. The British edition will come out later.

SPECIAL INVITATION for Readers of this Column

This is a special advance announcement for the friends of *The Inner Sanctum*. *Living Philosophies* will not be released to the general public for another week. If there be any readers of this column who wish to reserve a first-edition copy—in all truth, a heavy oversubscription is not unlikely—your correspondents will themselves arrange to take care of any reservations in the order received, accompanied by a check for $2.50 [plus the name of your regular bookseller] sent to *The Inner Sanctum of* SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

—ESSANDESS.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE have been reading quite a lot about saurians lately and have taken a great fancy to them, except to the Tyrannosaur, which was the world's first exhibition of frightfulness. But we intend to write a book called "Down from the Dinosaur," showing, naturally, how animal nature has deteriorated since them fine old jurassic times or whenever it was. . . .

Having been managing editor of the forthcoming Weedon's Modern Encyclopedia for young readers, *Harry Dounce* resigned suddenly in the last week in May and rejoined the editorial staff of *Liberty*, with which publication he was formerly connected.

We have the pleasure of printing here a poem by *Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert*, whose "Happy Sinner" (Farrar & Rinehart) has become a national best seller. This poem was written by Mrs. Hamilton about her three children, Mary Hamilton (called Hamilton for short), Elspeth, and Billy:

HANDS

Hamilton's hands breathe and bind;
Wistful, subtle, thin
Nervous hands, to seek and find,
To grasp the whole world in.

Elspeth's little hands are still
Soft and smoothly white,
Hands to guide without the will,
Unclasp yet hold love tight.

Billy's hands are square and proud,
Hands that know their part,
Hands that always will speak loud,
Hands that squeeze my heart.

How to fill them, what to bring!
O, the world's so trite:
Just a winter, just a spring,
Just a day and night. . . .

We have found "The Story of Science," by *David Dietz* (Sears Publishing Company Inc., Holston House), a good popular volume, which actually helped us to understand something about the Einstein theory. It is made up of four parts, "The Story of the Universe," discussing the Moon, the Sun, the Solar System, the Stars, etc.; "The "Story of the Earth" which deals with the earth's beginning, interior, changing surface, and the record in the rocks; "The Story of the Atom," which goes into its structure, energy and radiation, the Quantum theory, and the Einstein theory; and "The Story of Life," dealing with bacteria, plants and animals, evolution, Man and Mind. The appendices are excellent also, with tables of the plants, first magnitude stars, a geological time-table, a list of the chemical elements, and a table showing the period of the appearances of the first of ancient man. . . .

We also like *Will Durant's* "Adventures in Genius" (Simon & Schuster), and can recommend as an invigoratingly American book, in the original sense of the word, *Charles Erskine Scott Wood's* "Too Much Government" (Vanguard Press), though if you don't like to hear existing institutions attacked and a little blasting satire, probably you won't like the latter. But it is good for the national health, and everything that he says about free speech we heartily indorse in our own mind. . . .

The poet who figures as one of the minor characters in *Mary Austin's* "Starry Adventures" is *not Witter Bynner*. Nor is it *Arthur Ficke*, who lived in Santa Fé for two years. . . .

Arthur Davison Ficke writes us as follows concerning *Eden Phillpotts:*

I think that the greatest literary injustice of our time is being done to a writer who (*mea culpa*) I have just discovered—and that is Eden Phillpotts. He is a major novelist, towering far above Thomas Hardy. But nobody ever speaks or writes of his great twenty-years-old classics, such as "Children of Men" and "The Thief of Virtue" and "The Secret Woman." He's getting to be an old man now. Can't you set the ball rolling for rediscovery? His recent books are obviously only pot-boilers, but he did, once upon a time, write some of the most superb and noble books in the whole history of the novel. I'm afraid we shall be sorry if we don't stir a finger to "give him a hand" before it is too late.

We regret to say that we have never read the work of Eden Phillpotts, so we haven't the data to endorse Mr. Ficke's encomium, but being a writer of taste and discrimination, his enthusiasm is worth something, and we are sure there must be ground for it. Who are the other Eden Phillpotts fans in this country? . . .

Elizabeth La Dow of Visalia, California, has discovered a local poet who recently wrote a sonnet in the *Fresno Republican* that certainly deserves wider distribution. We therefore reprint it here with no apologies:

ADMONITION

Never believe that meadows do not mark
The feet that follow where their pathways lead,
Or fail to note the ear that leans to hark
For cheeping creatures in a jewel weed.
Never believe that marshes do not care
Whose tender hands caress the silver bark
Of alders lovelier than the heart can bear—
Of sycamores, nude-lovely, in the dark.

Hold not a doubt: The roadside knows full well
Who comes to watch the milkweed burst its husk,
And any river, if it would, could tell
Who haunts gray willow-thickets in the dusk,
Or slips through flag-blue hollows to keep tryst,
Now with the gypsy wind—now with the mist.

The author of the poem is *Roberta Rinear*. . . .

Thorne Smith, a delightfully fantastic writer, whose latest novel, "Turnabout," Doubleday, Doran will publish in September, has solved his vacation problem by deciding not to visit England, Germany, France, Italy, or Scandinavia. He will confine his family and his activities to his one-acre estate in Jersey. . . .

A young engineer has remarked that *Christopher Morley's* "John Mistletoe" is an excellent aid to plastic surgery. He is convalescing in a southern hospital and says that his diet recently consisted of alternate doses of whiskey, morphine, and "John Mistletoe," as "we are trying to refashion a face out of odd chunks of leg, and the whole tedious process is very inappropriately named plastic surgery. So far as I can judge, it is just plain old mallet and chisel work." . . .

Erich Maria Remarque's first screen story, "Fate," especially written for Universal, will be put into production before "The Road Back," the successor to "All Quiet." "Fate" has nothing to do with the war, it is a modern tale describing the problems of a physician in love with his patient. . . .

Back in 1904 *Mary E. Waller* made a hit with her novel, "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus." In 1929, the year of the Anniversary Edition, the book was in its third hundred thousand. Now Little, Brown have recently published a new novel by this author, "The Windmill on the Dune." . . .

Dorothy Thompson, Sinclair Lewis's wife, is translating for the Viking press a German novel, "Job, the Story of a Simple Man," by *Joseph Roth*. The story begins with the ghettos of Russia and ends in New York City. The *Zweigs, Feuchtwanger,* and other famous German writers are enthusiastic about it. . . .

The prize autograph request of the year recently came to *Gamaliel Bradford,* following the publication of his "The Quick and the Dead" (Houghton Mifflin). The request read: "I hear you write awfully good books and that you don't believe in God, so I want your autograph for my collection. I have Calvin Coolidge." . . .

Thomas Wolfe, author of "Look Homeward, Angel," will spend the summer near New York, finishing his second novel, to be entitled, "October Fair." . . .

In the fall, Scribner will publish *Edmund Wilson's* "Jitters of '30-'31," which should be a book worth reading. Wilson is now in New Mexico. . . .

In August will appear a novel which is heralded as being extremely strange, "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones," by *Conrad Aiken*. There is a decided Egyptian flavor of "The Book of the Dead" about it. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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ALFRED ALOYSIUS SMITH ["TRADER HORN"] *1859* [?]—*1931*

TRADER HORN has finished the long trek. . . .

Aye, 'twill be many a year before we look upon his like again. Trafficker in ivory, apes and peacocks, blood-brother to cannibals, the raw material of empire, he sold the world a battered old gridiron—and took fame as a price. For the first seventy-five years of his youth, peril, red in tooth and claw, was his daily fare . . . and at the end, glory attended him, like the friendly pat on the head of an old rogue elephant, safely returned to the herd.

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—ESSANDESS.

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